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Vol. 8 No. 3 30p

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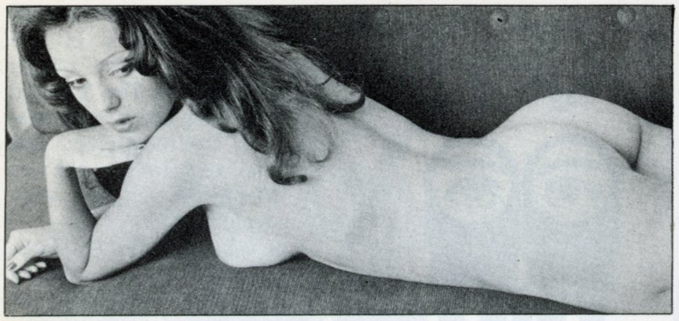

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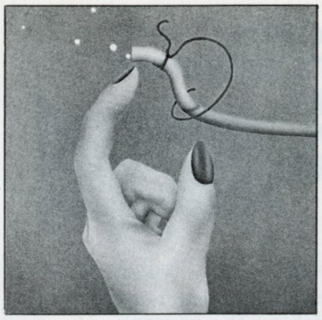

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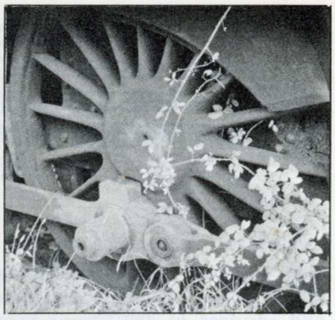

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MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

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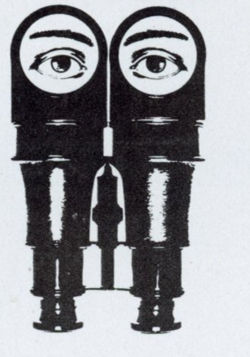

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

We've been wading through an unusually mighty mound of mail and have been somewhat hampered by constantly ringing phones ever since we published a photograph of Julie King in our letters column (Vol. 8, No. 1). Julie, a regular reader of Mayfair, was one of our many readers to send us greetings for the New Year. It came with a picture of herself, pleasingly pantiless, not to say thoroughly nude, lounging with a copy of the magazine.

Priding ourselves on an eye for a pretty thing we called Julie up to thank her for her good wishes and kind thought. As we supposed she turned out to be intelligent and warm hearted – a sensible housewife, in fact, who knows that natural beauty should not be hidden at home.

As it happened we were not the only people who had phoned to say thanks. Despite the fact that she mentioned her husband in the letter, many admirers ploughed through the six and a half columns of Kings listed in her local telephone directory to give her their good wishes, but in doing so they happened upon a number of other Kings who, not being *Mayfair* readers didn't know what was happening and rang up the local newspaper to ask 'What the hell is all this about?' Well, one thing led to another and the another was in the shape of Julie's picture, taken from our pages, appearing on the front page of the Slough *Evening Mail* beside the big headline of the moment: 'Where are you Julie King?'

But Julie's new found fame didn't end there. Newspapers are newspapers and news travels fast. Within hours of the Slough *Evening Mail* posing the big question *The Sun* had tracked Julie down and answered it for themselves. She told their reporter that she was overwhelmed by her new-found popularity.

While on the subject of girls, if any readers are interested in seeing more of the girl in the left of the picture on our motoring page she's Susy Shaw who appeared in our Vol. 6, No. 11, not to mention our 1973 calendar.

Dateline, the computer dating organisation, has hit on a bright idea for getting people together. This year, for the first time, it has introduced a holiday scheme for its computer couples, which will come as good news to dreamers of sunshine fun.

Up until now men and girls meeting through the computer tapes may have found their first date awkward or even embarrassing. But thrust together for a week or so they should have plenty of time to relax and get to know each other properly.

Called 'singles' holidays, they not only aim to get the right couples together but, according to the organisers, they also try and arrange 'group compatability' – which could sound like an excuse for a multiple pile up. Most people, though, should be well content with a new romance.

Gloria Crawford has been looking after arrangements of the winter holidays in Austria with Erna Low Travel and these have, apparently, proved successful (Dateline claims to have 1,200 marriages under its belt).

For the summer, air-sea holidays have been planned with Chandris Cruises. After flying from Gatwick to Venice the prospective partners board the cruise ships that will take them to such places as Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Cyprus and Israel.

Dateline's four page questionnaires are far advanced of the early 'Are you experienced' forms that blossomed a few years back and now includes such fact finders as the arranging of colours into order of preference. And even if the computer doesn't make an ideal match, the cruises sound like a good way to meet a lot of people.

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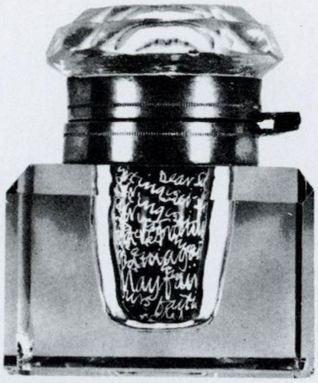
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

On page 20 of the *Manchester Evening News* for October 17, 1972, I discovered that an advertisement had an amusing but unfortunate misprint. The ad referred to Lynne Cotgrave, one of the newspaper's Tele-ad girls and read:
' "you never know who you are going to speak to next," says Lynne, who enjoys her daily contact with the pubic.'
B. V. Scanlon, Hardcastle Road, Edgeley, Stockport, Cheshire

Congratulations on your choice of Rosalind Davies as a writer. Her debut was the funniest thing I've read in years, not one wasted word, and to have packed so much detail in a short story was masterly. And such acute observation of the male too.
Whether imaginary or not, if this story illustrates women's lib thinking it only makes me sorry to be old enough to miss the benefits . . . Would we be accused of unpleasantness in thinking that Rosalind Davies is Jilly Cooper by another name?
P. T. Farrell, Bourne Mills, Brimscombe, Gloucestershire

Not unpleasant, merely incorrect.

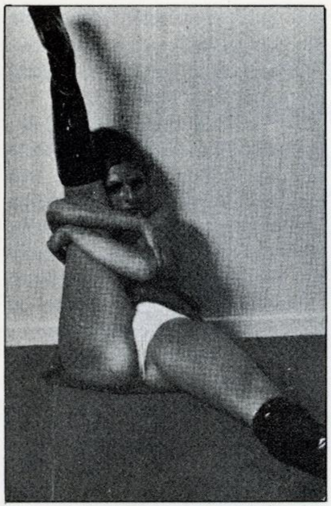
In her letter accompanying her photograph which made you so proud, Julie King claims that it proves how much she and her husband enjoy your magazine. The picture as published shows nothing of the kind. There is no sign of Mr. King.
Of course Julie's considerable attractions must delight your male readers. But why deprive your female ones of theirs. You may have more than you think. In the office where I work, out of 27 women aged 17 to 58, four (in addition to me) read *Mayfair* almost regularly. So show us both Kings, with their sceptre!
Incidentally, my previous boyfriend and I used to read *Mayfair* together, though not in Kingly negligee. We used to start with *Quest*, but never got very far. I found it so mouth-watering (if you get which mouth I mean . . .) that we soon discarded our clothes. We preferred doing to reading.
I am sorry that I cannot sign my real name. My present boyfriend – who says he wants to marry me – does not want his pals to know that I spread my legs, as he puts it, for other men before him, though he, sweet man, never ceases to boast of all the other girls with whom he has had fun.
E.F.

The letter and photograph from the stunning Mrs. Julie King in Vol. 8, No. 1, was for me the highlight of the first issue of 1973. She stands comparison with any of the young ladies who have graced your pages and, so far as I am concerned, turns one on even more. This is interesting psychologically and I can only conclude that it is because she is a housewife in her normal surroundings. What a lucky man her husband must be!
R.G.G., Dorset.

In the readers letters section of *Mayfair*, Vol. 8, No. 1 you published a picture of Mrs. Julie King, sent in by herself. I think you owe it to your readers to try and persuade the lady to do a full photographic feature. The small picture is a very pleasant morsel, now let's have the main course.
L.A.M., Battersea, London, S.W.11

We are trying, but there's a lot of difference between one black and white print and a full colour feature, and Julie is thinking about it at the moment.

I thought Chris, in Vol. 7, No. 9, was a very attractive girl but if, as you said, she can get into positions you wouldn't have thought possible, why not show some pictures of them.
In *Mayfair* a few years ago



Mara Osterman proved she was more of a supple girl than Chris, and I only wish I could get hold of the issue she was in as I only have the anniversary issue showing her on one page.
Alan Moore, Oaklands Road, Manchester 7

Mara was in Vol. 3, No. 12 which unfortunately is now out of print, but here's a picture for compensation.

Your reader who made love to a girl on a dance floor in London made me recall a time when my boyfriend, who is now my husband, made love to me in an unusual place – our local churchyard. We were both living with my parents at the time and of course had to snatch sex when the opportunity arose. On this occasion we were walking home after visiting a dance and I wanted him so much and the graveyard just happened to be the nearest spot. We had sex on this flat gravestone and on looking at the inscription afterwards were convulsed to read: 'awaiting the second coming'.
A.D., Bolton, Lancs.

Your anonymous correspondent in Vol. 8, No. 1 with his account of sex on the dance floor reminds me of an unusual experience I had a few years ago. I was on holiday in Corsica at the time and I was doing some skin diving off the coast. I was carrying cylinders as the water was about 60 feet deep and was also wearing a rubber body suit which left my limbs free. While exploring the sea-bed I suddenly noticed another swimmer approaching, similarly clad. It was apparently a girl for apart from two generous bulges in her suit, her hair was loose and floated behind her. After a short conversation in sign language I showed her a coin I'd found. She promptly grabbed it quite playfully and flapping her flippers in my face, swam away. There followed a ten minute chase culminating in her capture behind a convenient rock. Well I'm only human and one thing led to another until pretty soon I was fondling the swellings in her costume that marked the position of her mammary equipment. At this she took my hands and pressed them between her legs. Our suits had crotch openings and my fingers quickly found her fastening. In a moment it was undone and her glorious pussy displayed. Dear God, it was a beauty! A wisp of hair down the crease and pale lips ghostly white in the gloom.
I started to massage it, gently at first but with increasing vigour as her labia began to draw back. She had found my crotch button by this time and released my closest friend which was (and can you blame it?) in a rather excited condition. I had by now located her most important aperture and she was wet (surprisingly). Able no longer to contain her impatience she guided my instrument to her nozzle while I lifted her off the sea-bed and, letting her slip slowly down again, felt it slide into her eager orifice and enter her to the hilt. Afterwards she swam away and disappeared in the murky waters and to this day I don't know who she was. I should be interested to hear if any other readers can better that escapade. I can't be the only male in the world who's had it off underwater, can I?
A. J. Heard, Holcombe, Dawlish, S. Devon

In Vol. 8, No. 1 a reader spoke of having it away on a dance floor and I must congratulate him on such an achievement.
I think perhaps the most unusual place that I have ever managed to have sex with a girl was in an empty underground coach on the Northern line between Hampstead and Golders Green. I cannot claim any great achievement because the girl was my girlfriend of the time.
We were alone in the front coach quite late at night and were kissing and cuddling when the train pulled up for a

turn to page 8

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LETTERS

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few minutes just before emerging from the tunnel at Golders Green. Half jokingly I asked my girlfriend if she'd ever had it on the underground and she said no but there's always a first time. Well that was that. She stood up and slipped her knickers off and we made love standing up against one of the doors. However, we didn't know how long the train would be in the tunnel and had to be quick, so it hardly ranked as one of our greatest erotic experiences.

B.R., Golders Green, North London

Readers write into your magazine from time to time concerning the size of a man's penis, asking if it matters whether it is big or small, and all the answers I have read say the size is not important.

I would like to say that as far as I am concerned this is not so. Four years ago when I was 18 I met a man who was 22 at the time and after we had been going around together for a time I went to bed with him. I would have loved to have intercourse with him, after all the beautiful things he had done to me, but I found it quite impossible because of his size. His penis measured 11 inches by five, and after a lot of lubricating I was only just able to take the first part of him into me. It was a whole year before he finally got the lot in and that was after a lot of pain and frustration.

After that he really gave it to me. It was out of this world to get that filled up feeling and we had it at every opportunity, but then it was finished because he was killed in a car accident. After I had got over my loss I had other men but I just couldn't feel an average sized penis in me and they did nothing for me. I even resorted to having an affair with a lesbian who did everything with dildoes and the like, but not even they compared with Roger's! So I can tell you from experience that size does count if you have been *used* to size.

J.K., Wolverhampton.

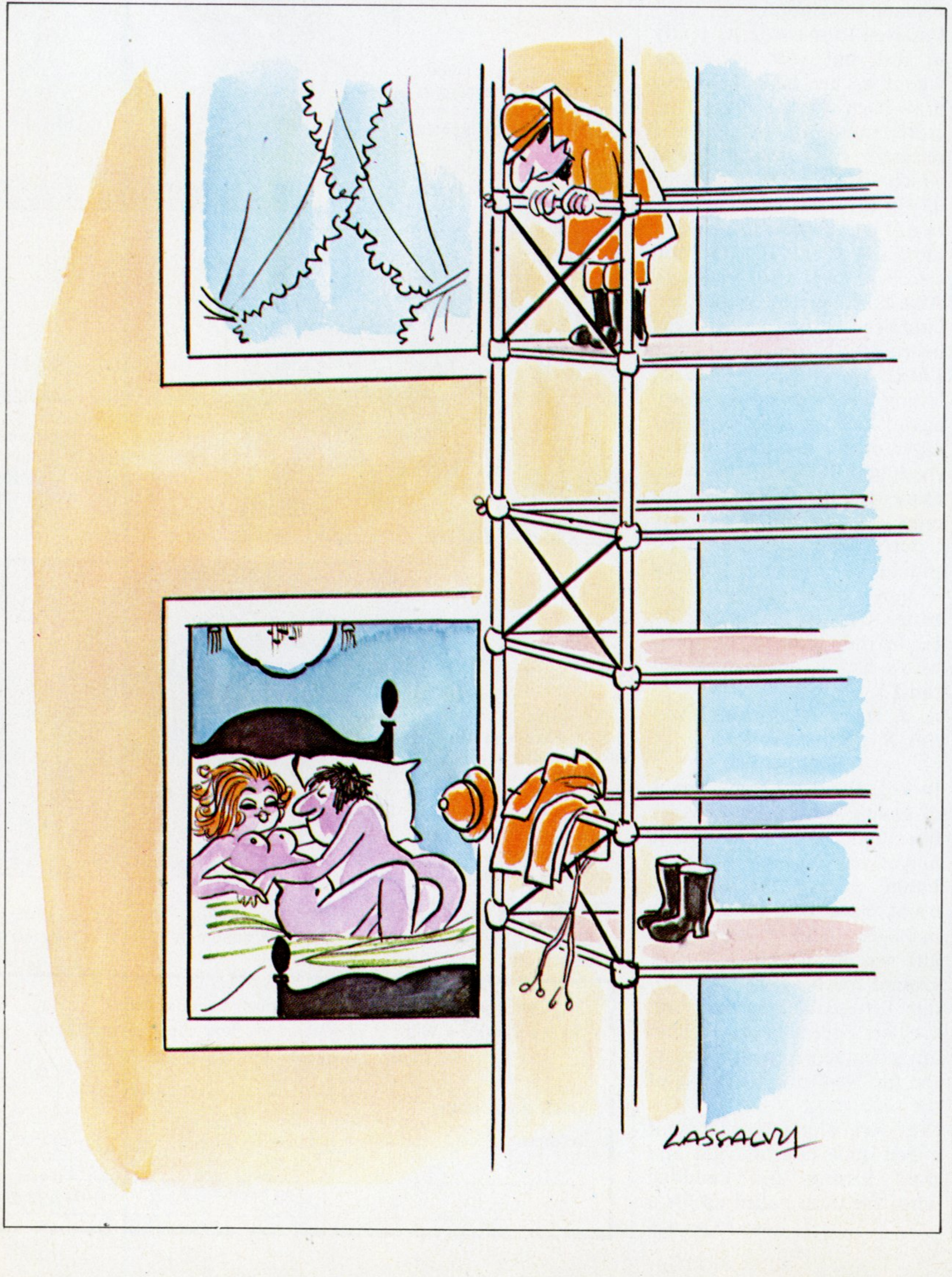
One of your *Quest* interviewees gave me food for thought when she said that she found the uncircumcised penis fascinating because it was so different from her husband's.

This reflects my personal experience because my wife, who has been married before, has frequently told me that, while our sex life is very adequate, she does miss in the foreplay the pleasure she derived from manipulating the foreskin of her previous husband's penis because I am circumcised and he was not.

I have heard also that girls prefer the circumcised penis because it looks more sexy. Can it be that such girls have never had the experience of handling the uncircumcised organ and therefore do not know what they have missed?

J.B., Chatham, Kent

Our latest office raver smiled cryptically when we asked her opinion and remarked: 'All men are the same under the skin.'



Throughout the ages various similarities between the size of a man's penis and the size of his other extremities like hands and feet have been debated. Roman ladies, it is said, believed that a large nose was a sure sign of a sturdy member, although they were very likely often disappointed.

There also exists that perpetual argument about the merits of tall men versus small men when it comes to bedroom sports. Now we have the latest news from the Roney Clinic that tall men are more prone to baldness following studies of 2,000 patients, with the suggestion that this is because they have more circulatory 'pipework', as you put it in *Scene* recently, and that their extremities do not get their full share of blood. This is rather worrying, for reasons other than the likelihood of early baldness.

Could these results mean that tall men are more likely to suffer from flabby erections, while small men are always rock hard? It is a fascinating subject that no amount of man-to-man discussion can solve. Only your women readers are really 'in a position' to throw light on it. Perhaps they would care to contribute their views.

K.M., Rumney, Cardiff.

I do not usually buy your magazine but last week I was tempted, and I must say how

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LETTERS

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jolly surprised I was at the very interesting and intelligent reading it makes. I think one of the best aspects of all is the letters pages, where people can write in privacy to you without fear of discovery, and relate some of the very special private moments they have had in their lives, which is why I am writing now.

It was summertime, roughly ten years ago and I was 23 years old at the time and still a student. In the holidays I would earn money selling punnets of strawberries by the roadside, in a little white hut at Petersfield, Hampshire, where I used to live.

One fine Saturday afternoon I was sitting in my hut when a rather ordinary car drew up, so ordinary I can't remember what type, and there was a very attractive young woman in the car and another one, not so attractive, driving. I was perched on my stool, with the punnets laid out in front of me, and was looking down at the pretty one while she fumbled for her purse. Before getting out she half turned towards me and I nearly fell off my perch as I noticed that a thin transparent blouse was all that covered the top half of her. I could hardly take my eyes off those small pert nipples that stared up at me. Her breasts were rather large and hung down slightly, looking extremely desirable. If that wasn't enough she swung open the door and began to swing out when the female driver said something and she turned back. She had one leg out of the car and as she bent back to talk to her friend I expected to see her underwear as the fairly short black skirt drew up. I realised I was looking straight into her pantie-less, parted thighs. I was instantly aroused and as she sat in that glorious state for long, long seconds I could have counted every one of her thick vaginal hairs. Staring into her open passage was an erotic delight I can still see today. I can't remember how many punnets she bought but when I came down to earth I thought it funny, as I suppose you will, that the two women were alone together in the car.

Not very exciting today perhaps, but it was in those days.
C.R., Southampton

I see that at last Quest has looked into that so common and difficult problem that faces many men, premature ejaculation.

Years ago, when I was young and not very experienced, I often suffered from that very embarrassing and unfortunate complaint and, looking back, I think that the cause, at least in my case, was merely nerves. I found that particularly with a new girl who I had managed to talk into bed, I was worried at not being able to come up to her expectations, and of course there you have the vicious circle that ends so many would-be pleasurable encounters.

Fortunately I am no longer troubled by this, mainly because I lived with a girl for three years which is sufficient time for most people to turn their frantic banging into expert mutual lovemaking. In that time I learnt how to control my ejaculation almost psychologically until I sensed the characteristic signs of orgasm in my partner and then I just came automatically with her.

The same relationship also cured me of that other famous male complaint, brewer's droop. True, alcohol does affect one's ability to have an erection, but once again, nerves also play a big part. It is a fact that because one worries about getting brewer's droop, one tends to suffer from it.

I would say that the best cure is a reasonably long relationship with a sexy, understanding girl. For example, in my case this particular girl never felt cheated or let down if I couldn't perform, and I knew this. Consequently I very soon ceased to suffer from premature ejaculation and am rarely troubled by brewer's droop, except, of course, when I get well and truly pickled and then, like most people, I'm totally incapable.
A.D., Manchester

It can hardly have escaped your notice that many of your readers are turned on by old-fashioned underwear – suspender belts, French drawers, camiknickers and so on. The reason is obvious enough: whatever the girls were wearing during one's formative years,

turn to page 92

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LETTERS

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or at the time of one's first sex experience, remains an erotic stimulus all one's life. My own formative age was the fifties, the period of stocking tops. According to James Laver, suspenders first appeared on the chorus of Offenbach's Le Voyage dans la Lune in 1875 – so how about a bumper issue two years hence in honour of the centenary?
John Dennis, Wigston, Leics.

Certainly we'll consider it nearer the time. For the moment, however, we'll have to leave stocking top men in suspense.

I simply cannot agree with the letters asking for more pictures of girls wearing French knickers.

For me there is only one garment that really lights the fuse and that is the one worn by Nina Warren-Phillips on page 95 of Vol. 7, No. 12. I refer to those little white monogrammed briefs that hug her exquisite hips.

So far as my eyes are concerned, she is, from the top of her beautiful head to her dinky toes, the ultimate perfection.
Charles V. Hodges, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex

I'm a man of simple tastes. No French knickers, suspenders or lacy bras for me, and at last you've shown a girl in uncomplicated modern underwear.

I refer to Celeste in Vol. 8, No. 1. The picture on page 29, showing her in tightly fitting see-through bra with erect nipples prominently showing cannot be beaten.
T. M. Elton, Warwick Avenue, Quorn, Loughborough, Leics.

Last weekend, while engaged in building a garage at the bottom of my back garden, I glanced at the window of the house that backs on to mine and caught sight of something that nearly made me fall off the garage wall. Through the window I saw the daughter of the house speaking on the 'phone and she was standing there, starkers.

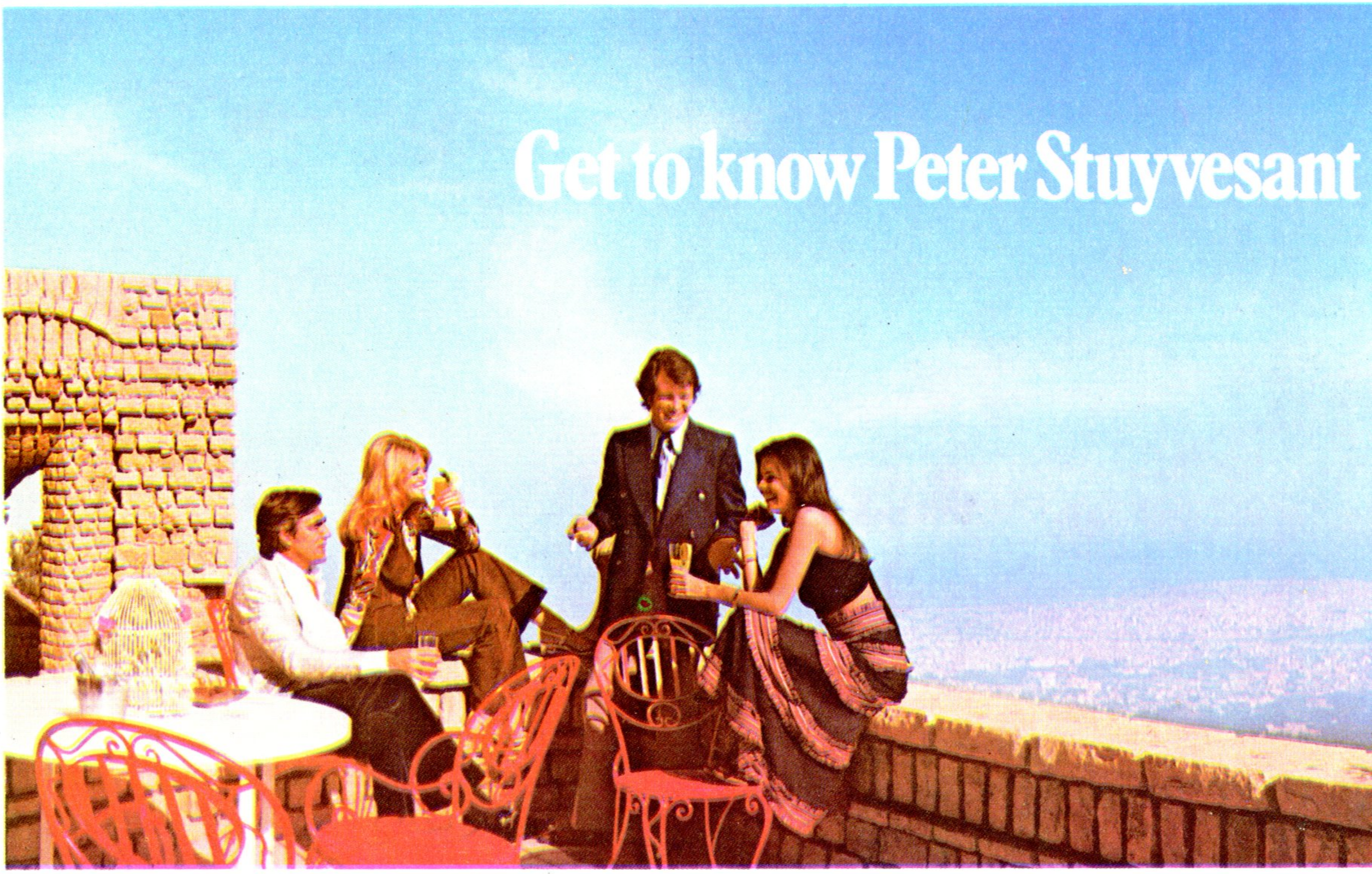
I didn't think she'd seen me at first because she was wet and soapy so I suppose she'd had to leap out of the bath to answer the 'phone, but then she spotted me watching her and, much to my amazement, simply smiled and carried on speaking.
G.H.J., Ashford, Middlesex

Like Mrs S. T. in Vol. 8, No. 1, I too share this attraction towards teenage boys.

I am 36, married but with no children, and my interest first started about six years ago when I read in the Kinsey Report that at the age of 15 or 16 boys could ejaculate as many as half a dozen times in the space of a few hours. This contrasted markedly with my husband, who even on honeymoon was not capable of more than one climax in one evening. I brooded over this information and began to fantasize about it until one day when I had the chance to prove it for myself.

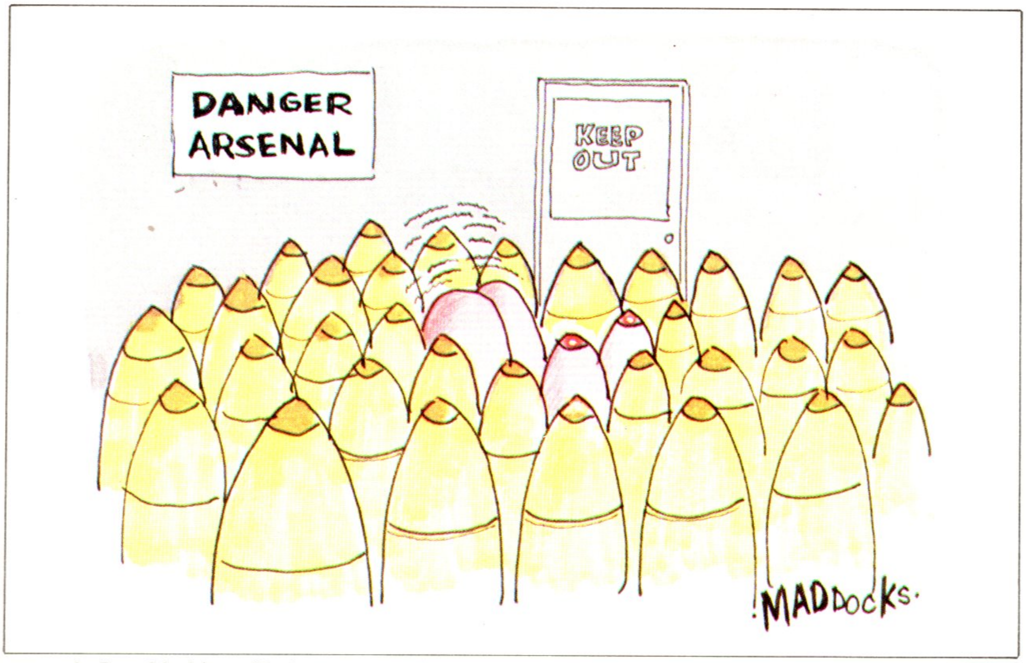
We were holding a party in the evening and after fetching the drink from the off-licence I realised I had forgotten the tonic water. I knew it was early closing and that I wouldn't have time to go back so I rang them and asked if they could deliver it. First they said they hadn't time but eventually agreed to let the young lad deliver it on his way home. It was something about the way he said young lad that made me think of the report and I decided to do something about it.

When he came he was small, very young looking, but quite handsome in a way and I asked him to bring the case inside. We live in a town house so he had to follow me up the stairs and at the time I was wearing a flared skirt that didn't hide a thing. When we got to the room I went to take the case from him and 'accidentally' brushed my hand across the front of his trousers. 'Oh I'm so sorry,' I said as I came across a really nice erection. 'Why are you like that?' I asked him and he looked so embarrassed that I almost felt sorry for him. 'It was following you up the stairs,' he stammered and I smiled wickedly and gave him a hug and a kiss which didn't help his condition as I was only wearing a quarter cup bra under my sweater. I asked him to sit down and, telling him that I hadn't been so well complimented for a long time, I placed my hand on his lap and squeezed. 'You're very big for one so



Get to know Peter Stuyvesant

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A


DANGER
ARSENAL
KEEP
OUT
MADDOCKS.

young,' I told him, 'I bet you're bigger than my husband.' By this time he was too shocked to speak or move so I quickly unzipped him and I had hardly touched his penis when he came. 'Don't move,' I said and got him a towel, and then made some coffee for the two of us. Like Mrs S.T., I felt like a spider with a fly (although later incidents have not always been like this because more and more of today's teenagers are experienced already) and the feeling of power was quite delicious.

After we had talked for a while I asked him if he'd ever seen a real woman naked and when he said no I took off my sweater and let him stroke my breasts while I brought him to another climax. Not moving away, I continued to excite him and again he rose to the challenge. This time we made love properly and it took a deliciously long time before he came again. That made a total of three times in just over an hour, and I was smiling all through the party that evening. My later experiences merely involved exhibitionism and arousal, and I rarely make love to my young admirers as this could lead to complications. Neither have I ever had a permanent relationship because I think this would be unwise for both parties.

Mrs. B.J., Windsor, Bucks.

I feel I must write and query Mrs S.T.'s remark in Vol. 8, No. 1 that it is all right for middle aged men to pursue young girls. I can assure her that once you are over 35 and try to chat up a 20-year old you are simply accused of being a dirty old man.

Even in this so called permissive age the youngsters seem to think that anyone over 30 or so who has sexy thoughts is dirty and old.

Dick Wigginton, Mount Avenue, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex

In the past some of your readers have mentioned spanking as a means of stimulation of the posterior, but I do not recall any reference to other means of stimulating this area. I have met a few girls who, while they did not show any great passion at having their breasts fondled, although they enjoyed it, were sent wild by finger stimulation of the area

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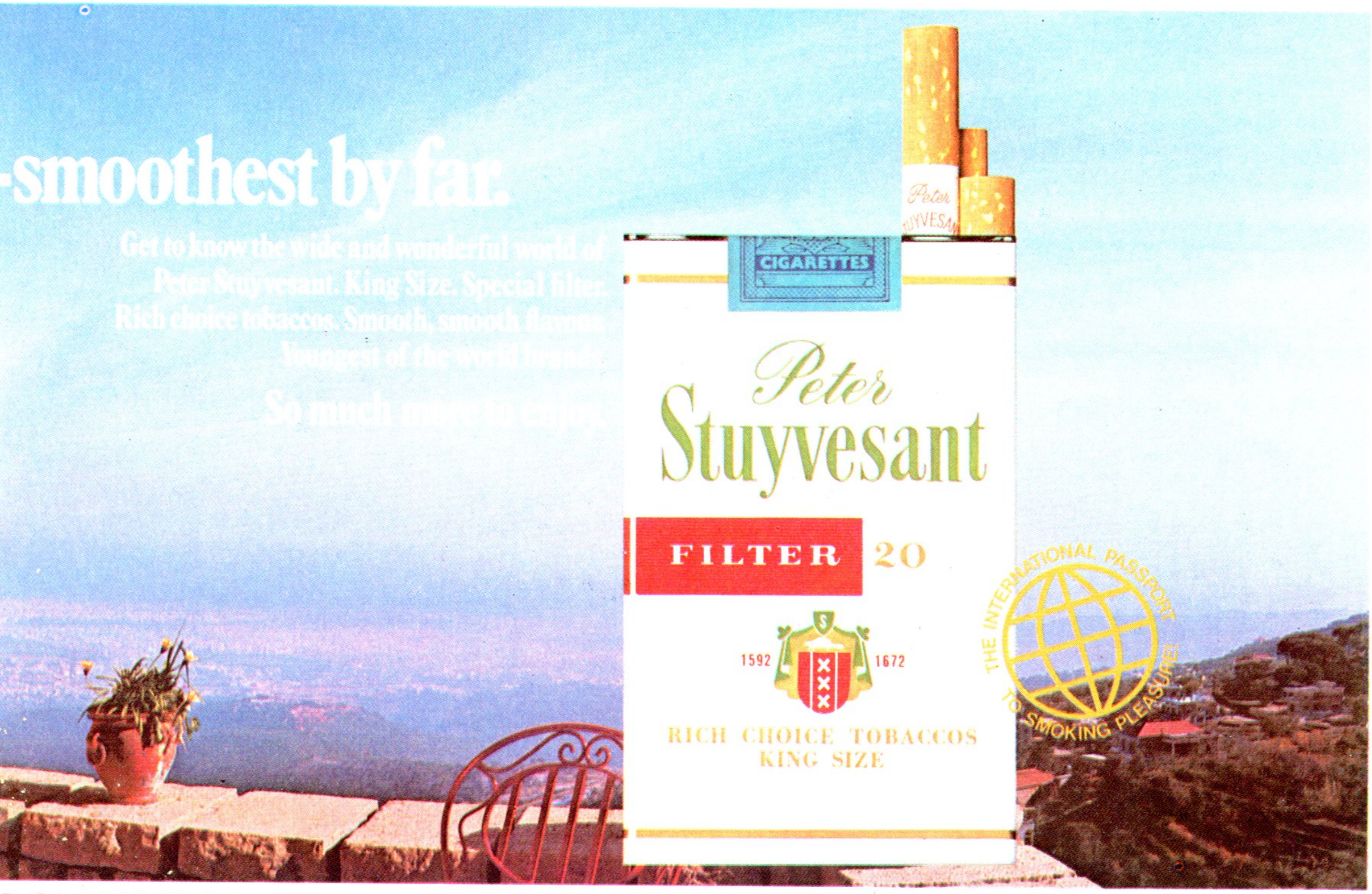
-smoothest by far.
Get to know the wide and wonderful world of
Peter Stuyvesant. King Size. Special filter.
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KING SIZE
THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

LETTERS

continued from page 93

in and around the anus. Similarly for the man. A girl can give her partner an added thrill by inserting a finger into his backside at the moment of ejaculation.
One of the strangest things I experienced on this subject happened with a girl I was having a fairly long relationship with. She used to be turned on a great deal by breast fondling until one particular day I inserted a finger into her anus which sent her wild, and from that day she almost lost interest in breast stimulation, much preferring my interest to be directed towards her bottom.
P.H., Brighton, Sussex.

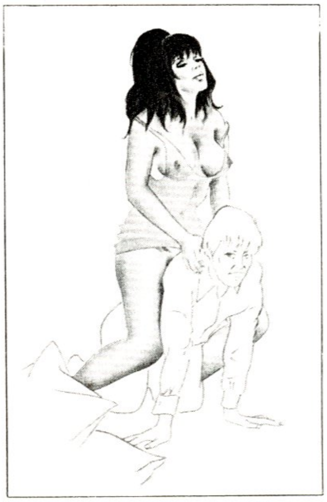
When we were married my wife was a virgin and only recently have we begun to discuss in detail our pre-marital relationships. While she came close to having sexual intercourse a few times, she was rather surprised to learn that I'd had several women before her. As a result, while I am sexually very happy with her, she feels a bit cheated and curious as to what she might have missed and wants to find out what it is like to have someone else.
There is a chap working on a nearby building site and she tells me that she really fancies him and the incredible thing is that I am turned on at the thought of her being screwed silly by another man.
Am I particularly sick or do many other readers feel this way?
Oscar, Harrogate, Yorkshire

Had you given us more information this would have been an easier question to answer. For example, you say that you are sexually very happy with your wife, but what about her? Does she get an orgasm every time you make love to her? One explanation is that your desire to watch her performing with another man may stem from a childhood sexual experience, like watching a couple in the bushes, which you may wish to repeat. Perhaps you should concentrate more on satisfying your wife than your own erotic fantasies.

As a constant reader (or should I say voyeur) – old enough, I'm afraid, to know better – of your most entertaining magazine, may I offer a suggestion? Your supply of lovelies seems to be inexhaustible, but not, repeat not the supply of poses. Don't get me wrong – I am not going to suggest that you should venture into waters that might trouble Lord L., to say nothing of Mrs M.W. But how about what might be called picture stories of young ladies?
For example: girl, modestly clothed strolls through a lonely wood until she reaches a suitable place for sunbathing, with the camera catching every stage in the process until she is stretched out and naked.
A. M. Harvey, Woodland Drive, Watford

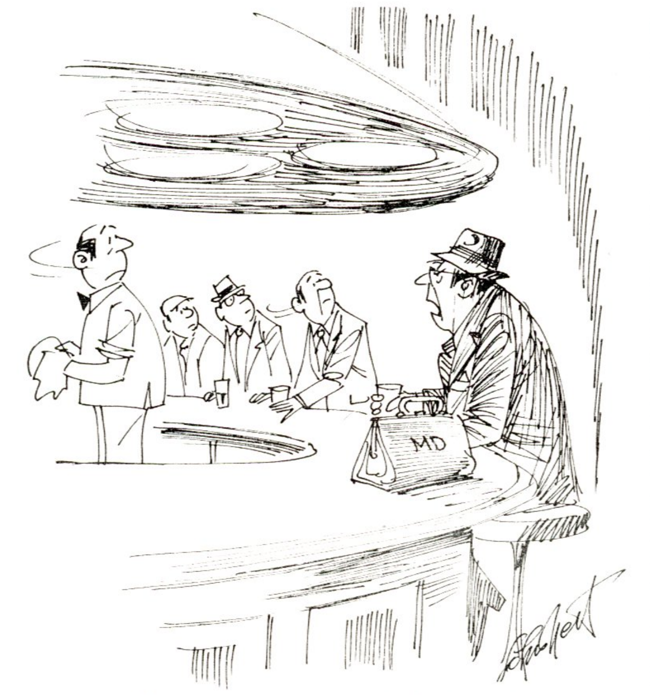
But you would know it was acting. The resulting pictures could constantly remind you that the girl was a model.

How about a few pictures or a feature on a theme that has many enthusiasts, i.e. equus erotica. When the subject is brought up the female is invariably shown as the dominant partner or rider, whereas most of us enjoy seeing the roles reversed.
If photographs of sturdy young Scandinavian au pair girls suitably mounted are unobtainable perhaps Ronald Cobb could exercise his talents, or at least could we not have photographs of girls on all fours in anticipation?
After all, no less than the Stratford on Avon Shakespearean company showed some pretty hectic riding scenes in their presentation of *The Balcony* early last year.
D.R., Essex



In future issues how about devoting space in your motoring section to the following pre-war German cars: Maybach; N.A.G.; Simson-Supra and Horch.
These makes were outstanding among the many beautiful cars known today as classics.
Richard Martin, 18303 McIntyre, Detroit, Mich. 48219, U.S.A.

I agree with your paragraph in Scene in Vol. 7, No. 9 that the maxi model is coming in, and it's about time others realised this too. I would like to see Gerd Tinglum, who was pictured in the letters column in Vol. 7, No. 11 as Mayfair's girl of the month.
P. G. Malbec, Halfield Estate, London, W.2



'I can castrate any man in the house.'

Gerd Tinglum is superb, but let us have many more photographs of her, and others like her, but in poses similar to your slimmer (thin perhaps?) models.
J.B., Stafford

A fair number of your readers are, I am sure, over the half century and a far larger quantity well over 40, and yet, for reasons not too clear, you fill your pages with charming photographs of young girls, with nymph like forms, some of them being almost skinny. Men over 40 and certainly over 50 have far more generously endowed wives whose comfortable proportions they would not swop for the likes of 36–26–36, or don't you know this?
Looking at the picture of Gerd Tinglum on page 6 of Vol. 7, No. 11 I can't help but think that ladies of her build would give the greatest satisfaction and pleasure to your more mature readers.
J.S., Scarborough, Yorkshire

As a matter of interest, figures confirmed by the National Readership survey show that 85 per cent of our readers are under 45, but we'll see what we can do for the more mature tastes in the future.

Being a gentlemen's hairdresser, I must put out magazines for my customers to read and I find *Mayfair* is very popular. *Quest* has a great following and so too has your recently introduced Carrie strip cartoon. I hope therefore that Carrie will continue her erotic adventures for some time.
Lancashire hairdresser

One evening in a cinema I heard grunts and groans coming from the row behind me. Looking round I saw a very well formed girl in school uniform being kissed and fondled by another girl. I couldn't help being shocked at first but I began to feel an excitement inside me as they continued their loveplay. The younger girl's massive white thighs seemed to be everywhere, and eventually, with a series of jerks and gasps she threw her arms round the other and said 'I'm

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LETTERS

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finished, I'm finished.' The other girl said 'I'm not,' and continued to fondle the massive breasts of the younger girl, who finally fell asleep. However, the older girl continued to explore the thighs of the younger girl.
Curiously, the experience had a marked effect on me and ever since I have had a bit of a fetish about massive thighs and breasts.
G. Henderson, Belfast, Northern Ireland

I am a married man aged 50, tall, dark, slim, Welsh by birth and consider myself sexy by nature. For some time now I have read of young girls who say in their letters that they adore older men because they find them sympathetic and understanding. Some say that an older man could make their secret desires and fantasies become true.
I have also noticed that the majority of girls who write these letters are in the 18 to 30 age group, and no doubt some are genuine in their search, but I have yet to meet one of them.
D.M.H., Cirencester, Glos. (Name and address supplied)

For as long as I can remember I have been fascinated and sexually turned on by girls' bare feet. I think this must be unusual because although legs everywhere are assumed to be sexy, feet are seldom specifically mentioned. In beauty competitions and even in strip clubs the girls mostly wear shoes. This is sacrilege! Feet, especially those with long slim, naughty toes, are tremendously exciting. Please, more close-ups of elegant and beautiful bare feet.
R. McGill, London, S.W.2

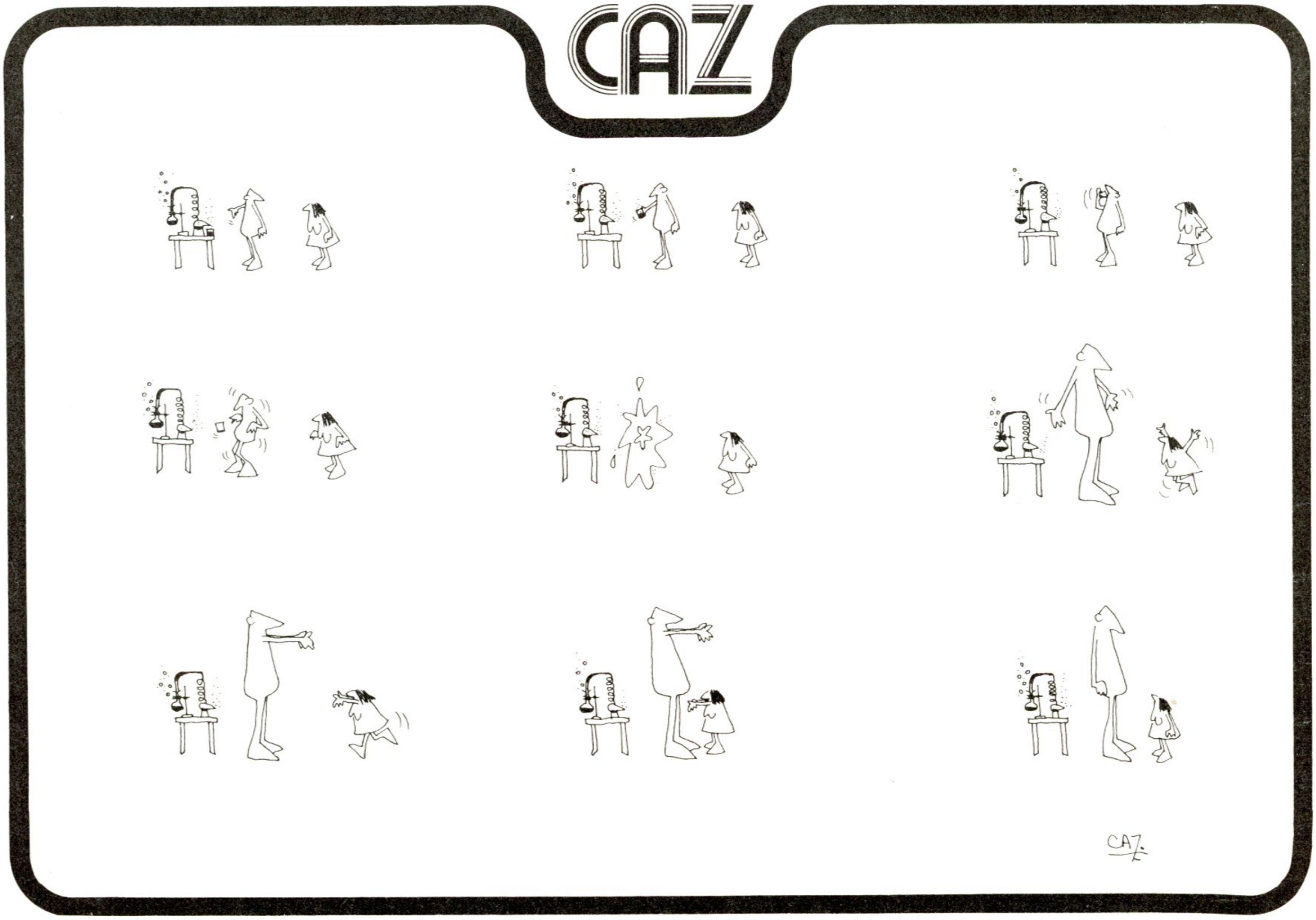
We'll try and put our best foot forward in future.

Being a regular reader of your magazine, I saw on page 27 of Vol. 7, No. 9 a cartoon showing two senior mounted officers saying to a young officer in the First World War: 'Your crass stupidity and pig-headed arrogance haven't gone unnoticed young man – There's a generalship in this for you.' That joke inspired me, in the face of my many years of contact with universities, to suggest a similar joke:
Two university professors, saying to a new graduate: 'Your childish fantasies, your complete lack of common sense and practical spirit, and your effeminate lack of energy, haven't gone unnoticed young man – There's a lectureship in the best university waiting for you.'
Jorge Paulo Bokel, Maids Causeway, Cambridge

Congratulations on yet another superb issue of *Mayfair.* I refer to Vol. 7, No. 12 anniversary issue.
Enjoying as I do a highly satisfactory sex life, and being a confirmed bottom man, as my staff nurse lady friend would confirm, the girls who grace the colour pages are simply gorgeous to say the least. As nursie said: 'Just think what fun you might have with that little bevy, eh?' referring of course to Penny, Alison, Shelagh, Nina and last but by no means least, Susy on page 40. If it had come to the ultimate choice (heaven forbid) then I think my casting vote would go to Shelagh on page 74, if only because nursie and I really revel in all kinds of indoor sports under the shower. You quote Shelagh as saying: 'I'm probably kinky in a way.' If someone can define this much misused word, then he has my admiration. As far as I am concerned it doesn't exist, not in my dictionary anyway. Surely the only thing that matters is for two people to 'do their thing' and enjoy it – ne c'est pas?
J.H., Harlow, Essex

I read with some surprise of the Hoylake barmaid whose sad saga was unfolded in *Quest*, Vol. 7, No. 10, in which she told of the man who forced her to perform fellatio on him. Did she not realise that all she had to do was to take a firm grip of his scrotum and pull hard – a move which would have had a marked effect on his performance.
Bill Cunningham, Studley Road, Harrogate, Yorkshire

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL?

My wife and I had two children before I left her and I hadn't lived with Sylvia long before she was pregnant. That made a grand total of three young Merediths that I had screwed into the world and I felt that to increase the population further would be an act of criminal irresponsibility, especially as they could quite possibly turn out like me; so I persuaded Sylvia to go on the Pill.

We had two years during which time we graduated from two people having a quick bash to a skilled team carefully, lovingly working to give their partner maximum pleasure. That was until the day Sylvia went for a routine visit to the Family Planning Clinic and was told that the particular pill that she was taking had a high oestrogen content and could possibly be harmful and was given a different sort of pill to take. Almost immediately she began to get

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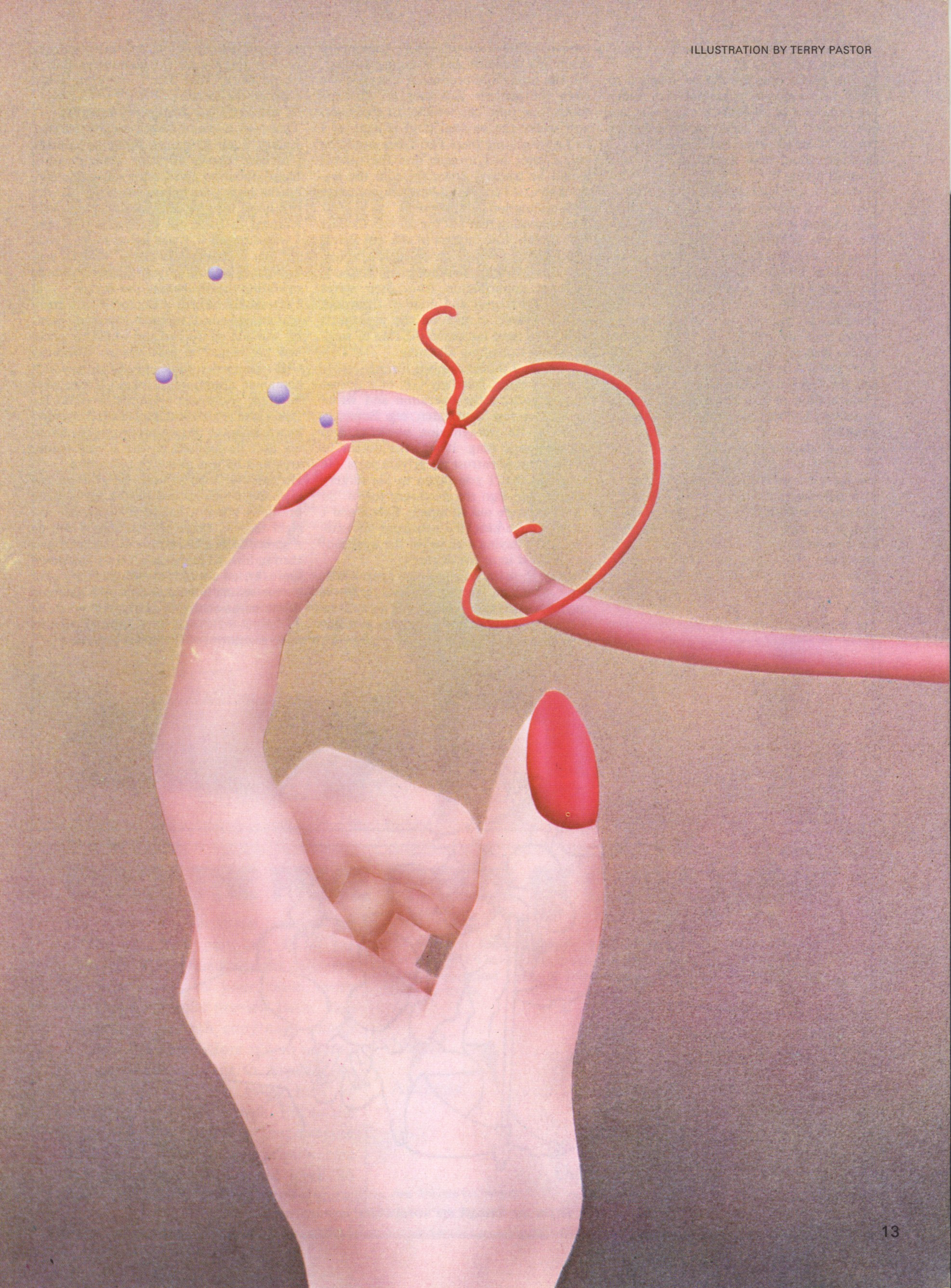
After three children and the likelihood of more, Graham Meredith took the plunge and decided to have a vasectomy

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR



THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL?

continued from page 12

terrible headaches; she put on weight like crazy and suffered in several very nasty ways, nastiest of all being the fact that she lost interest in sex. After two months she couldn't stand the headaches and I couldn't stand the deprivation so she stopped taking it.

So there I was back again at the chemists buying, in a confidential whisper, innumerable packets of three and fumbling about in the middle of the night, groping for light switches and delving into drawers to find the bloody things. It just could not go on. I reckon I've got twenty good tumbling years ahead of me and I couldn't face the prospect of twenty years of getting my pubic hairs caught in the blunt end of rubber protectives. After all, with Sylvia to inspire me, I had become no mean expert and the break to fit the johnny ruined the smooth flow of my sexual artistry and, moreover, robbed Sylvia and I of half the sensation.

Sylvia offered to go back on the Pill but our doctor said that whilst it is okay for a few years it is definitely not suitable for her as a permanent contraceptive because of the danger of side effects and he suggested that if we didn't want any more children the answer would be for me to have a vasectomy. So the ball was in my court or rather the catch was in my balls, because when I investigated, that's where it all starts.

The seminal fluid that you eject when you have a climax comes from somewhere inside the stomach and is quite harmless, but the little child-producing sperms come from the testicles and they go up little tubes (one tube per testicle) to the reservoir where the seminal fluid is kept. If I had a vasectomy these two tubes would be cut, a knot tied in each and the sperms would be trapped down there in the testicles so that I could still have sex, complete with ejaculation, but in safety.

The only thing that put me off was the fact that I might lose interest in sex, but Sylvia and I did some research on men who had had the operation and to be on the safe side got confirmation from their wives and/or girl friends and none of them had any problems, in fact on the average it seemed to have increased the rate of leaping about something alarming.

Hallelujah, I thought, this is for me.

I got the name, from my GP, of a doctor who performed the operation and wrote to him. A few days later, one Saturday morning, we were having breakfast and the telephone rang. It was the doctor to whom I was to entrust my private parts. He suggested that I pop down to his surgery at 11 am to sign the necessary forms. So whilst we were out shopping, Sylvia and I and the three kids (the two from my marriage were staying with us for the weekend) all dropped in at the doctor's.

The kids took the waiting room apart whilst he explained all the technicalities to Sylvia and I. He said that in some cases if you later decided you did want more kids it might be possible to stick a couple of tubes back in, but there were no guarantees that it would work. That didn't worry me a bit; I signed the form.

'If you like I can do it now,' he said.

That was a major shock to my nervous system. I am by nature pretty squeamish. I've been known to faint when giving a blood donation and I once watched a film on the birth of a baby and ended up with my head between my knees. I was very tempted to back out there and then, but I was damned if I was going to let Sylvia see that I was nervous as hell. I put a very brave face on it and trooped into the little operating theatre behind the doctor.

Fortunately he was a doctor with a most reassuring bedside manner. I took my pants off and laid on the bed and whilst he scrubbed his hands he gave me an obviously well-rehearsed, soothing line of patter which contained a mixture of jokes ('If you were in India you'd get a transistor radio for this.') and a detailed explanation of what he was going to do. He constantly reassured me that he realised it was a very tender area and he was going to be careful.

He said he would have to give me an injection which would hurt a bit and he promptly stuck a needle in alongside my right testicle. For a few seconds it felt as if someone had kicked me in the balls and then suddenly I just didn't feel a thing down there. I tried not to look and fixed my gaze on the ceiling but I couldn't help glancing down occasionally. I could tell what he

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'The money helps to put me through my woodcutters' apprenticeship'

THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL?

continued from page 14

was doing by his movements and yet it seemed quite incredible because there was just no sensation.

I never learned the name of the anaesthetic but it was absolutely 100 per cent effective. He cut and sliced and tied and stitched and I felt nothing, not a thing: I just lay on my back praying to God that neither of us would sneeze. Then he did the other side; needle (ouch!) then cut, slice, tie, stitch (no pain at all).

'Okay,' he said and I gingerly got up, put my pants on very gently, gave him his cheque for fifteen guineas, collected Sylvia and the kids and drove home. The doctor said I should take it easy for forty-eight hours and I did within reason. I played with the kids Saturday afternoon, went out for a meal and to the pictures Saturday night, out for a drink Sunday morning and played with the kids Sunday afternoon, but all very gently. Saturday night I couldn't get a hard on and didn't particularly want to. Sunday night I did and wished to hell I hadn't because it was highly painful.

Sylvia suffered along with me. She kept wanting to grab it, which she normally does frequently and kept remembering at the last moment not to and then sweating profusely thinking how I would have felt if she had.

Monday I went to work as usual. The stitches itched a bit, I kept wanting to adjust my pants so that they weren't pressing against it and people must have thought that I was playing with myself. For the same reason I tended to walk as if I had just got off a horse, but all in all there was no problem or pain.

Tuesday night I got a bit carried away and had some gentle intercourse with Sylvia but when I really started moving I thought I had blown my left testicle off and withdrew in some agony. Sylvia kissed me better which achieved the objective anyway and by the time it was over I'd forgotten about the pain.

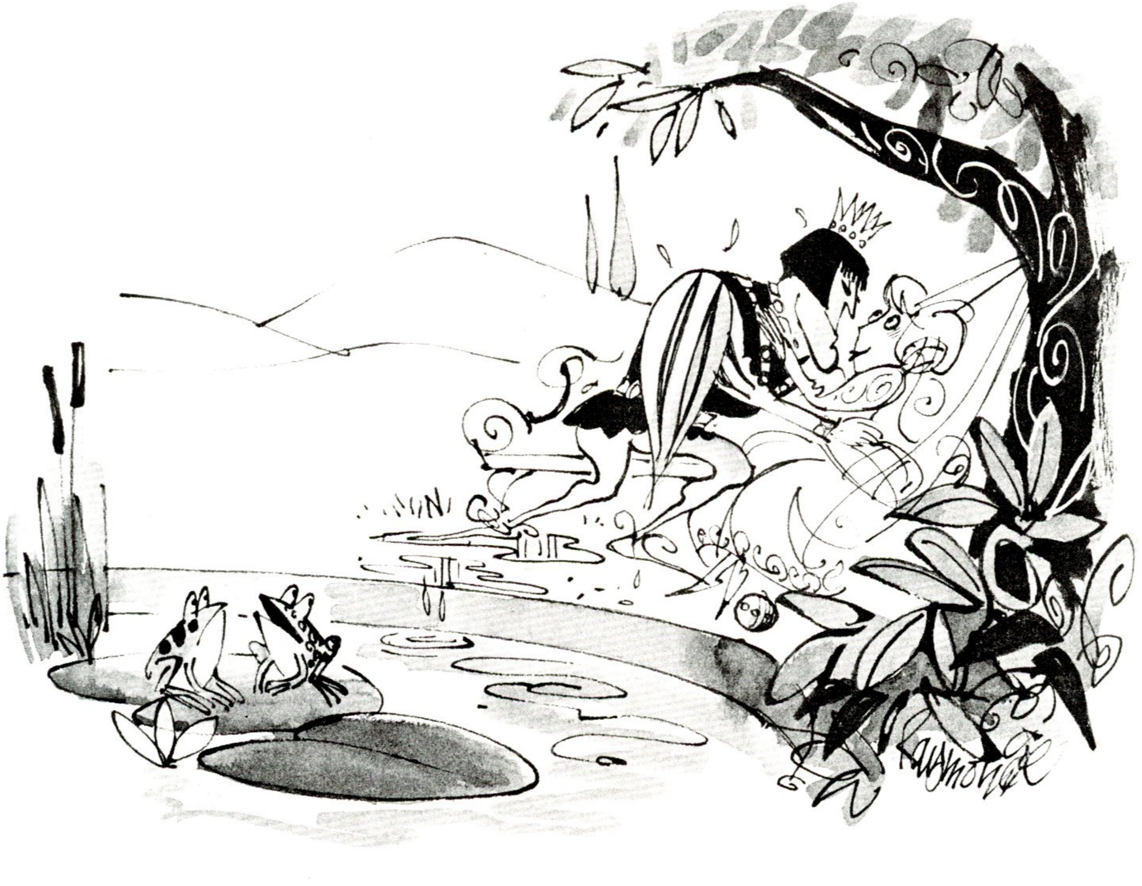
Perhaps I should mention for the aesthetically minded that all one could see were two neat little knots, one either side of the base of the penis, with the thread ends about half an inch long. Sylvia thought they looked quite cute. Whether or not you can get the thread in different colours I didn't ask. Mine was black, which contrasted rather nicely with my golden hairs and pink skin.

On Wednesday night I went to have the stitches out. There was a pair of diabolically sharp-looking scissors-cum-secateurs on the table. but I bravely dropped my pants as I was told. The doctor went snip and pulled gently. There was an instant of pain but as soon as the thread was out the pain went. Then he did the same thing on the other side and that was that.

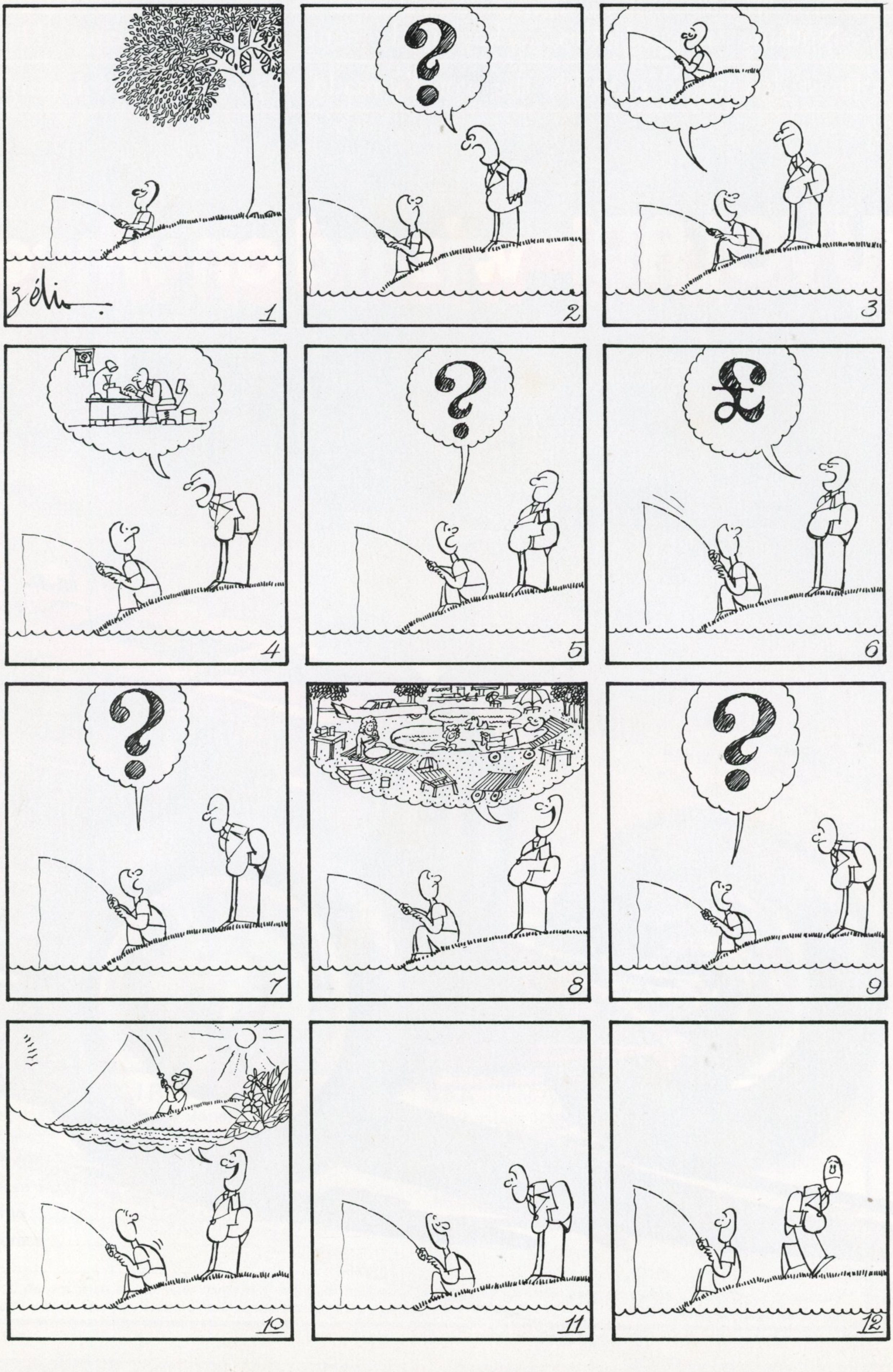
I had to fly over to Belgium on the Thursday night but I got back the next day. It had been a week with only one brief session, so we were running way behind schedule; Sylvia and I both needed a major reunion. We gave it a full test, pounding, plunging, thrusting and generally making like a man with a complete set of working parts. To be on the safe side we did another test on Saturday morning and three more over the weekend. There were no problems and I am happy to report that all is now definitely back to normal. There was a bit of itching whilst the hairs were growing and getting stubbly, but that only lasted for a short while and I now have my normal, full, luxurious, golden growth again.

Mind you, these sperms are lively little beggers. Those that swam up the tubes before they were cut can live for about ten weeks so we had to take precautions until then. The doctor gave me a small bottle with instructions to ejaculate into it after ten weeks. Sylvia helped and it was quite hilarious. We managed to completely cover the outside of the bottle without getting a drop inside. After a second attempt she became a better shot and got at least some of the stuff in the bottle. We took it along to the local hospital to be tested in their laboratories. It was sperm-free but to be on the safe side they asked me to do it again three weeks later. It was clear again, and so it was pow-wee and good-bye to johnnies.

One other thing, I've had some wonderful conversations with aged aunts when they have started telling me about *their* operations.



'There's environmental adaptation for you!'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A 60 mile night drive without headlamps, a broken leg or a car without brakes. Nothing stopped this jockey-sized giant of motor racing. He was Italy's finest driver and probably the world's maddest / by Bernard Dumpleton

NUVOLARI–wizard on wheels

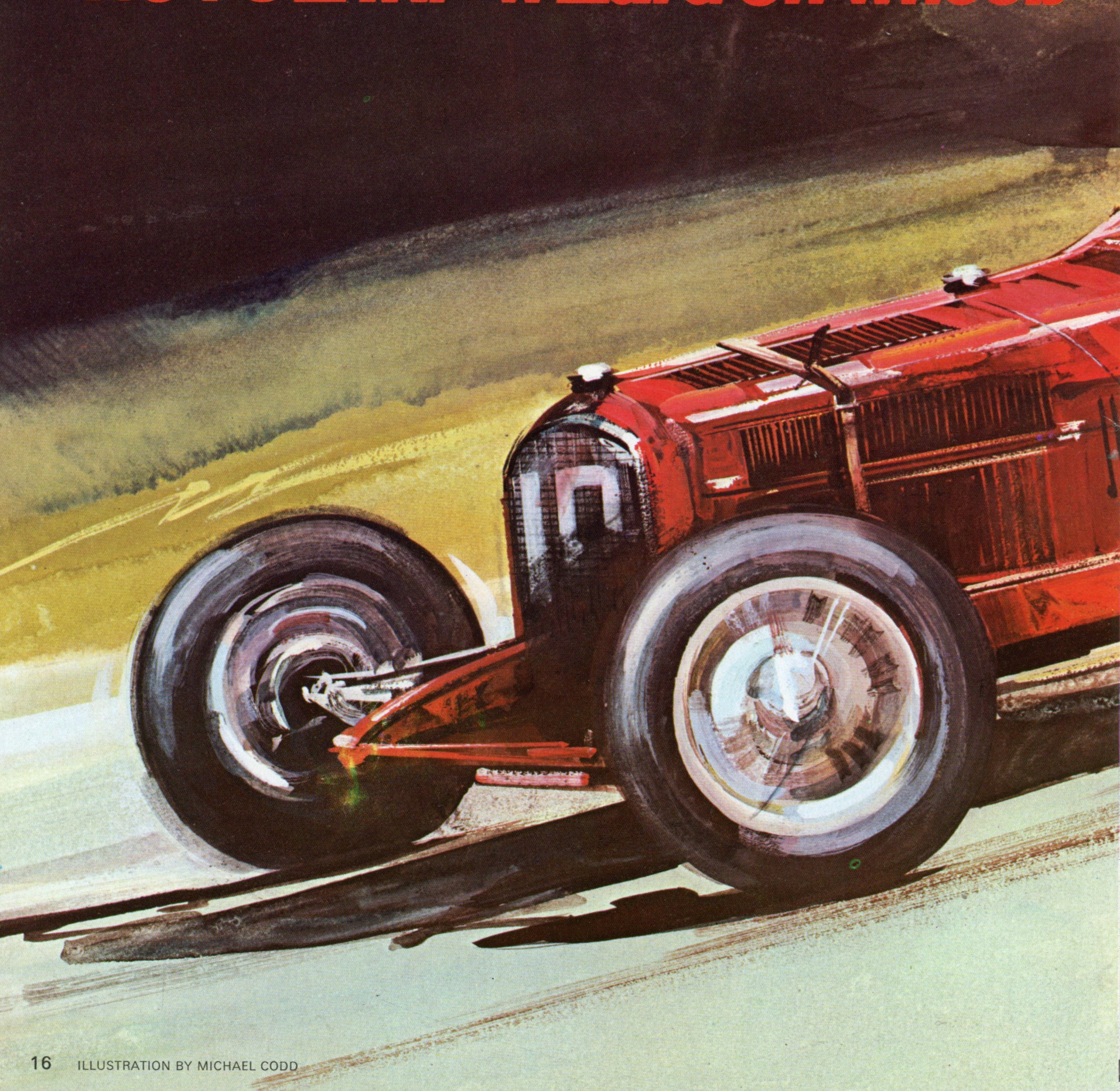
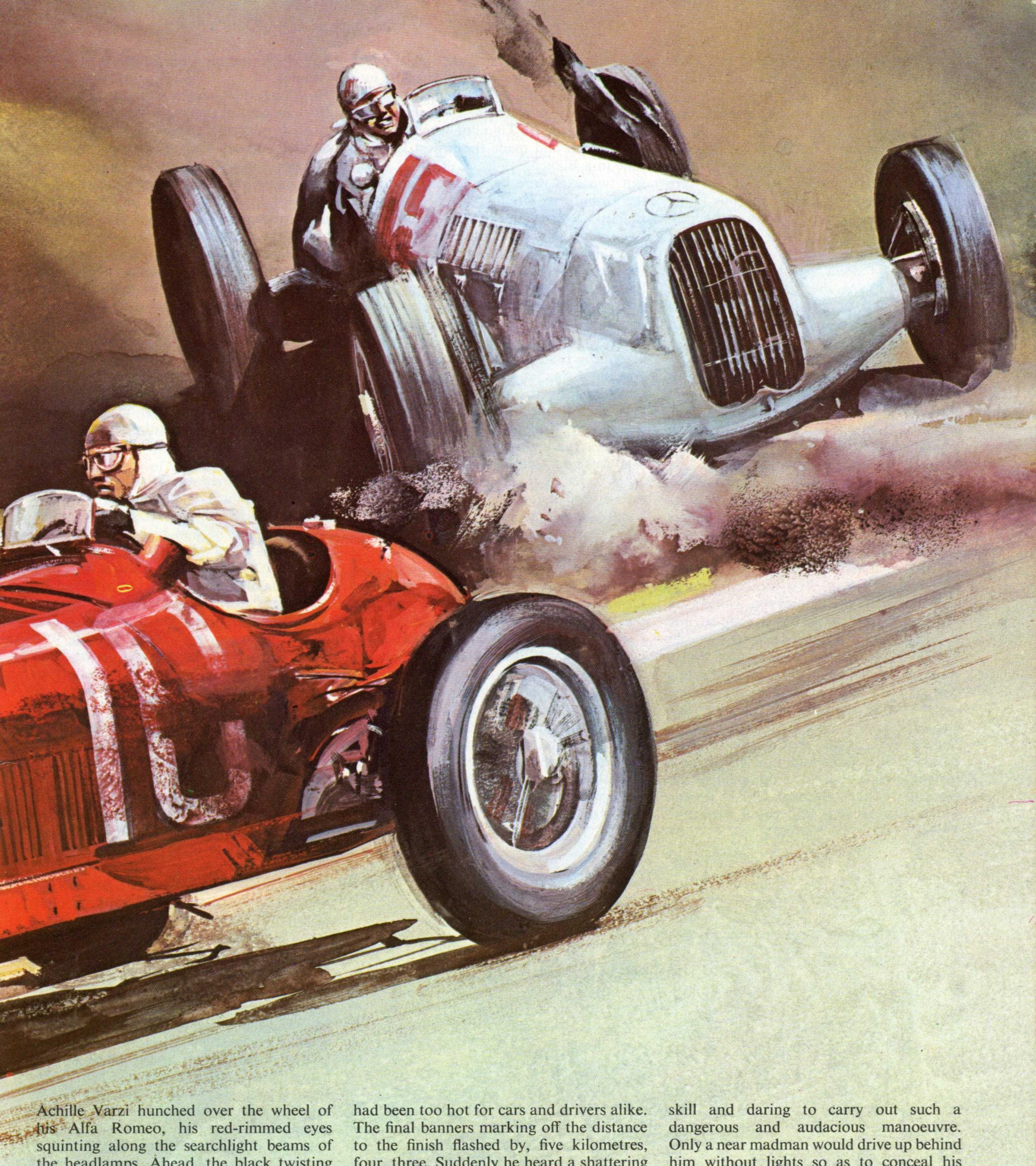


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD



Achille Varzi hunched over the wheel of his Alfa Romeo, his red-rimmed eyes squinting along the searchlight beams of the headlamps. Ahead, the black twisting ribbon of road led to Brescia, a mere half dozen kilometres to the finishing line of the world's greatest motor race, the Mille Miglia. The faint glow from the instrument panel showed that all was well – oil pressure normal, revs at right level – and the engine was screaming happily. Varzi glanced in his mirror, behind him the road was cloaked in darkness. There was no sign of any of his rivals after 1,000 miles of gruelling, punishing driving. The pace had been too hot for cars and drivers alike. The final banners marking off the distance to the finish flashed by, five kilometres, four, three. Suddenly he heard a shattering roar, and from the corner of his eye saw a dark shape hurtling by on his left. The overtaking car was in complete darkness, and as it streaked ahead Varzi knew that he had been tricked. His headlights picked up the tiny figure crouched over the wheel, and he recognized the familiar yellow jersey and blue racing helmet.

But even without these Varzi knew who had snatched victory from him in such spectacular fashion. Only one man had the skill and daring to carry out such a dangerous and audacious manoeuvre. Only a near madman would drive up behind him without lights so as to conceal his position in the race. His fury at being beaten was tempered with admiration for the man who was his greatest friend and oldest rival. Tazio Nuvolari.

During the 1930's Nuvolari was the idol of the motor racing circuits. He was a showman, a death defyer who always gave the crowds value for money. Driving 60 miles in the dark without lights, to win the 1930 Mille Miglia, was the sort of daredevil stunt that his fans had come to expect from him whenever he appeared in a race. Born in Casteldario, near Mantua in Italy, in 1892 he emerged into a world that was just entering the age of the internal combustion engine. It would be difficult to imagine a less likely candidate for honours in one of the toughest of all sports. His tiny frame and spindly arms and legs were more suitable for a jockey, and his father considered putting him to work at the local stable. But Tazio had other ideas, and at the age of sixteen he drove his uncle's Bianchi. An event which was long remembered by the over-generous Giuseppe Nuvolari, and by several members of the local population who had been going about their business at the time.

Tazio spent the next few years working as an assistant to his uncle, who was an agent for Bianchi cars. When the First World War came Tazio joined the army as a driver, and on one occasion was told by a white-faced, trembling officer that he would never make a career in motoring.

When the war ended he returned to Casteldario and married Carolina Pessina. A year later their first son, Giorgio, was born.

Nuvolari was now thoroughly bitten by the motoring bug, but cars were expensive so he bought himself a motor-bike and soon began to get among the winners on the local circuits. In the 350 cc class he rode a Garelli, and it was here that he first met Achille Varzi. His successes earned him a place in the works Bianchi team, and riding one of their 350 cc models he became motor-cycling champion of Italy in 1924 and 1926.

During this time motor racing had attracted Nuvolari's attention mainly as a spectator. The cost of a competitive car was still too high, although he had already shown that driving skill could overcome the deficiencies of a car, when he drove a very ordinary four-cylinder Ansaldo into fourth place in the 1921 Circuit of Garda. His first win on four wheels came in 1924 at the Circuit of Tigullio, where he was first overall and made the fastest lap, this time in a Bianchi.

But two cars were beginning to dominate the Grand Prix circuits – Alfa Romeo and Bugatti. Tazio dreamed of driving one of these cars, and his chance came in 1925 when he was given a drive in an Alfa Romeo P2 on the Monza track. He drove the car for eight laps, improving his lap times progressively, but as he was coming out of a bend at full speed the gearbox seized. The Alfa spun violently, skidded across the road and crashed into a tree.

Nuvolari was rushed to hospital with severe injuries; it was doubtful, the doctors said, that he would ever race again. But the Italian Motor Cycle Grand Prix was due to be run in seven days time, and Tazio was down to ride for Bianchi. When the bikes came to the line the crowd roared their approval, for there was the champion, bandaged in a sitting posture, and when they crossed the finishing line it was Nuvolari in the lead.

Motor racing was now becoming an organised sport. Racing stables were being formed, and Alfa Romeo were sweeping the board with their three great drivers; Ferrari, Campari and Brilli-Peri. The French Bugattis were the chief rivals to the Italian cars, but the works team did not race in Italy. The cars were sold privately through an agency in Milan, and in the hands of several Italian drivers were giving the Alfas a run for their money. Tazio visited the agency, talked to some of the drivers of the French cars, and came away with his mind made up. He would start a racing stable with a team of Bugattis and challenge the Alfas on the Grand Prix circuits.

CAREERS
No7 THE OLDEST PROFESSION
Larry

By selling some land he was able to acquire the cars and a garage. With him was his trusted mechanic, Decimo Campagnoni, another driver, Cesare Pastore, and his old motor-cycling adversary, Achille Varzi. The stable made its official debut in 1928 in the Tripoli Grand Prix, which resulted in a tremendous duel between Nuvolari and Varzi. The race ended with Tazio in first place and his team-mate in third.

This made everything perfect for the little man, for two months previously Carolina had borne him a second son. The battle between the two rivals continued throughout the season, with Tazio always the victor, and Varzi began to tire of driving in his team-mate's exhaust smoke. It was clear to him that if he was to stand any chance of beating Nuvolari he would need a better car, and before the season ended he left the stable and bought a P2 Alfa Romeo.

Nuvolari returned to Tripoli in 1929 to defend his title, but his Bugatti was now greatly inferior to the Alfas, Talbots and Maseratis and he had to be content with third place. Varzi was enjoying great success with his P2, and so Tazio decided to renew his acquaintance with the car that had so nearly put an early end to his career.

At this time he was still taking part in the occasional motor-cycle race, and in July 1929 he entered for the motor week at Leghorn. This event consisted of a motor-cycle race on the first Sunday, followed by a motor race a week later.

Tazio entered for both, and for the first race he conceived an idea that he thought would save him seconds on the hairpin bends. He had the elbows of his overalls padded with thick leather so that he could lever himself against the walls and so cut the corners very fine. It was a crazy idea, and one that put him in hospital yet again, this time with two broken ribs. Remembering the Monza incident his doctors implored him to stay in bed, but when the cars lined up for the start on the second Sunday, Nuvolari's Alfa Romeo was there with its driver clad in a plaster corset.

The 140 mile race ended in victory for Achille Varzi, with Nuvolari less than two minutes behind.

In 1930 Tazio joined the Alfa Romeo team, which now included Varzi. With them he gained successes in every major event, including the Mille Miglia and the Targa Florio. Like the Mille Miglia the Targa was run on public roads, but in the mountainous regions of Sicily. Victory depended upon the skill and daring of the driver, and demanded great courage from the mechanic who was required to ride in the car. In the 1932 event Nuvolari asked for a mechanic who weighed as little, or less, than he did. At around nine stone this was a tall order, but eventually a young lad was found who was prepared to ride with 'Il Maestro'. Tazio approved of the boy and gave him his orders, which were simple.

'If I think that I'm going into a corner too

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NUVOLARI

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fast', he told him, 'I'll shout, and you get down on the floor so you won't get hurt if we overturn'. After the race the lad was asked how he enjoyed it. 'I didn't see much of it', he replied, 'Nuvolari started shouting at the first corner and finished at the last one. I was in the bottom of the car all the time'.

Nuvolari's method of cornering was unique. He would go into a bend with his foot hard down on the accelerator, point the nose of the car at the inner verge, and hold it there all the way round. The result was a gigantic, broadside slide that tore at the tyres and threatened to send the car somersaulting across the track. But Nuvolari had an uncanny sense of balance, and a super-sensitive co-ordination of hands and brain that could detect and control every movement of the car to the 'nth' degree.

In this way he was often able to beat faster opponents, like the fabled tortoise that he wore on his yellow jersey. His artistry delighted the crowds, and was the envy of his rivals. Many tried to copy him, and failed. Nuvolari was supreme, a Diaghelev on wheels.

There were times when the method didn't quite come off, as a sudden change in the road surface could upset the plan rather drastically. One time when it didn't work gave him another close shave, and revealed another side to his character. He was practising for the Targa Florio, with Campari as passenger, and coming out of a fast bend the car hit a patch of loose gravel. Campari leapt from the skidding car just before it plunged down a 100ft precipice, taking Nuvolari with it. Horrified, Campari scrambled down the steep bank to the wrecked car, but there was no sign of the driver. He began to call out in despair, when suddenly, from a patch of tall grass, the brown, horse-like face of Nuvolari appeared. He held a finger to his lips. 'Quiet', he whispered fiercely, 'there's a quail's nest over here and the chicks have just hatched out, you'll frighten them'.

Every race that Nuvolari entered was packed with drama. In the 1934 Italian Grand Prix he drove a six-cylinder Maserati – without brakes. Someone had drained the hydraulic reservoir and had forgotten to refill it, but Tazio still managed to finish in fifth place. For the German Grand Prix in 1934 he arrived at the Avus circuit with his right leg in plaster.

The leg had been broken when his Maserati hit a tree on the Circuit of Alessandria, but Tazio would not miss the German race. Drivers, race organisers and fans alike were convinced that the little Italian was quite mad. His exploits at Leghorn and Rome were now legend, but driving a car with a broken leg was surely impossible. Nuvolari did not think so, he instructed Campagnoni to move the pedals closer together so that he could drive with one leg. The race was run in pouring rain, Tazio suffered badly from 'pins and needles', and his tyres had to be changed several times. But despite all these difficulties he finished in fourth place.

It was the German Grand Prix of 1935, however, that provided the ultimate in nail-biting, cliff-hanging excitement.

Undoubtedly it was one of Nuvolari's greatest races, perhaps the greatest. The race was run on the twisting, undulating Nurburgring, set in the Eifel mountains, and the German Auto-Union and Mercedes-Benz teams were there in force. Motor racing in Germany had become tainted with politics under Hitler's Third Reich. Herr Huhnlein had been appointed to direct and organise the sport, and he was at the 'ring' to watch the silver cars gain a glorious propaganda victory.

Certainly it looked to be a foregone conclusion. Auto-Union had Varzi, Stuck, Rosemeyer and Pietsch driving for them. The Mercedes team consisted of Caracciola, von Brauchitsch, Fagioli and Geier. Nuvolari, with his team-mates Brivio and Chiron, were driving out-dated Romeos their total humiliation seemed inevitable.

The cars lined up on the grid with the fastest, according to practice times, at the front. A great block of silver cars occupied the first three rows, then came the Alfas, a few Maseratis, a Bugatti and an ERA.

Nuvolari eyed the wall of machinery in front of him, and grinned when Varzi waved to him from the front row. When the flag fell Caracciola shot into the lead, followed by Fagioli, and then came Nuvolari. Already he was among the leaders. At the first bend he slid the Alfa through into second place, but now a battle developed between the two German teams who were intense rivals for the laurels of victory on their home ground. Nuvolari dropped back, content to let the giants fight it out until they blew themselves up. At the halfway mark all interest was centered on the duelling Germans, and almost unnoticed Nuvolari began to make his move. On the tenth lap the crowds in the grandstand were on their feet, straining to catch the first sight of the leader as he came roaring down the straight; would it be a Mercedes or an Auto-Union?

There was a gasp of amazement, followed by a roar of excitement as the tiny speck appeared and hurtled towards them. It was a red car – Nuvolari was in the lead.

Herr Huhnlein clutched nervously at his

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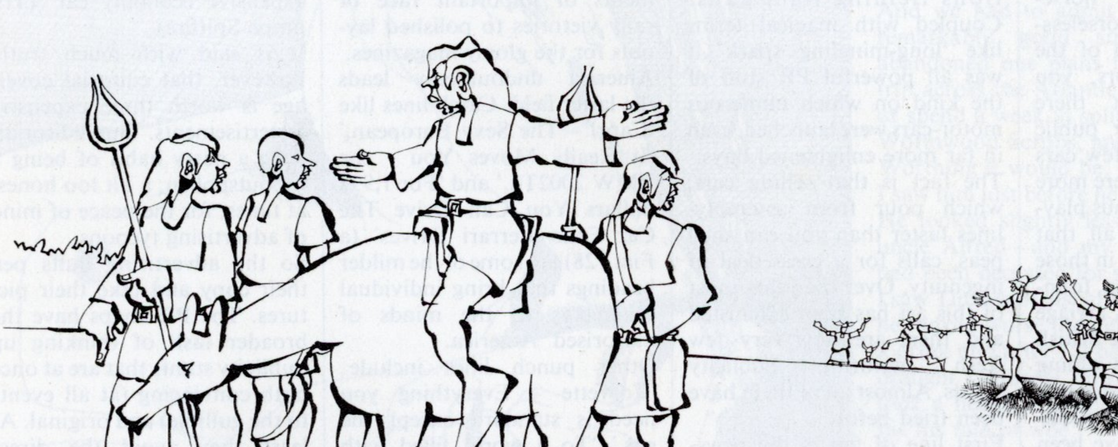

'Run for it men, it's the Viqueens'

NUVOLARI

continued from page 35

carefully prepared victory speech, and the German pit crews looked anxiously at their stop-watches. But on the next lap they sighed with relief, Nuvolari came into the pits, and after a long delay went out into sixth place. Even the wizard couldn't pull back that margin. Von Brauchitsch was now well in the lead, all he had to do was keep going.

But Nuvolari never gave up. Fuming at the long pit stop he hurled the Alfa Romeo into the fray. In one lap he was in second place again, and Herr Neubauer, the Mercedes team manager, signalled to his driver to go faster.

On the 17th lap Nuvolari was only 63 seconds behind the leader. The crowds began to move out of the grandstands towards the corners to watch the incredible little man at work. The Carousel, Fox's Throat, Swallow Tail, Nuvolari treated them with contempt. His great sliding broadsides were cutting seconds off his lap times. With two laps to go the usually imperturbable Neubauer saw something that shook him visibly. The front right hand tyre of von Brauchitsch's car was worn down to the canvas. If he called him in for a tyre change Nuvolari would be certain to win. But would the tyre hold out for another lap? The answer was not long in coming. As the German accelerated out of a corner the tyre burst. The big car slewed across the road and finished up on the verge. The driver had barely finished wrestling with his crippled machine before he saw the red car flash past.

Nuvolari at the height of his career

The victory of Alfa Romeo was so unexpected that the Germans had not bothered to obtain a gramophone record of the Italian National Anthem. There was some delay before it was played. By kind permission of Nuvolari, who had brought one with him in his luggage.

Nuvolari continued to drive for Alfa Romeo until 1937. But it was a period mingled with triumph, frustration and sorrow. In 1936 his son, Giorgio died of a heart disease at the age of eighteen. Tazio was on his way to America to take part in the Vanderbilt Cup Race when he heard the news. Before leaving Italy he had promised Giorgio that he would bring back the cup – and he did. But many of his races during those years ended in retirement. The cars were plagued with transmission failures, which infuriated Nuvolari. At the beginning of the 1938 season Alfa Romeo entered an eight-cylinder car for the Grand Prix of Pau, in France. While practising for the race Nuvolari's car burst into flames on a tree-lined section of the course. Tazio slowed the car to about 100 mph, pointed it at the trees, and jumped clear. This was the last straw. Although he suffered only minor burns and bruises Nuvolari was furious, and after a stormy meeting with the Alfa Romeo directors he swore that he would never drive for them again.

In Germany the duel between Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union was hotting up, and when Dr. Porsche, designer of the Auto-Unions, heard of Tazio's resignation he lost no time in inviting him to join his team. The big, rear-engined cars had supercharged, twelve-cylinder engines producing 370 hp, and had proved to be unmanageable for all but the very best drivers.

Tazio was now 46 years old, but the years had taken nothing from him. As always he drove to win, and many of his fiercest battles with the Auto-Unions were against

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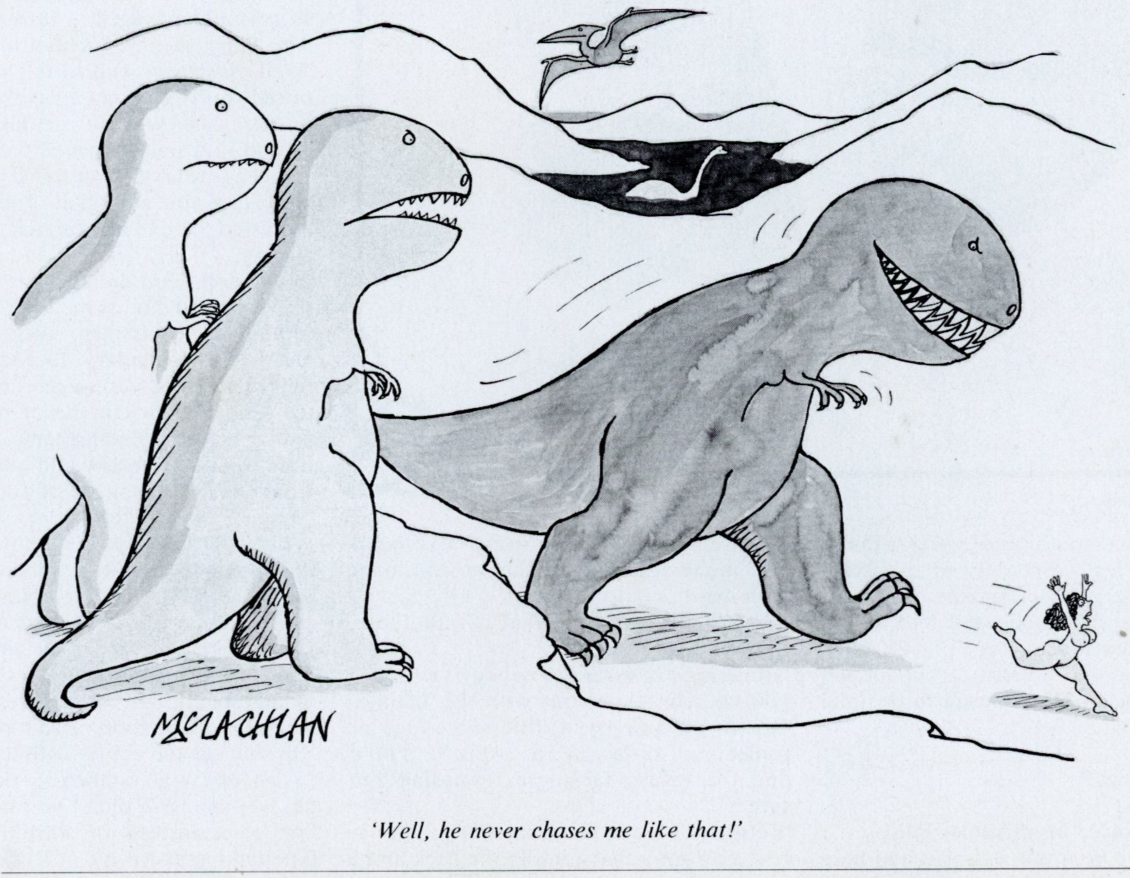


'Well, he never chases me like that!'

NUVOLARI

continued from page 42

his own team-mates. On his home ground he won the Monza Grand Prix of 1938. A month later British fans saw him win the Donington Grand Prix, after driving through a large patch of oil that had sent all the other cars spinning wildly.

His last race for Auto-Union was run on the day that history will remember. September 3rd 1939, and as Hitler's tanks rumbled into Poland the last Grand Prix for six years was taking place in Belgrade. It ended in victory for Nuvolari, and after the race he bade farewell to Dr. Porsche and returned to Italy, to reflect on his past glories and dream of the future.

When international motor racing was resumed in 1945 few people expected to see the maestro on the track again, except perhaps as a spectator or a team manager. And when he entered his old Maserati for the Marseilles Grand Prix in 1946 the new generation that welcomed the silver-haired veteran considered that the old man was indulging in a nostalgic gesture. At the start Nuvolari nearly stalled his engine, and his admirers shook their heads sadly. This, surely, was the master's last race.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Six laps later he was in the lead, three seconds ahead of the French champion, Raymond Sommer, and widening his lead all the time. A broken valve robbed him of victory, but Nuvolari was back – and he was still the king.

But now he began to fight a new battle. It seemed that Death, having been cheated so many times, was seeking revenge. In 1946 his second son, Alberto, died of nephritis, adding mental anguish to Nuvolari's own physical pain. For Tazio had contracted a lung disease which the doctors were unable to identify. He was advised to give up racing, but he refused.

Often, at the end of a race, he had to be lifted from his car, with blood pouring down his broad chin. The victories came harder, and less frequent. Driving a Cisitalia he took second place in the 1947 Mille Miglia, and in the following year he made his last appearance in the 1,000 mile race around Italy.

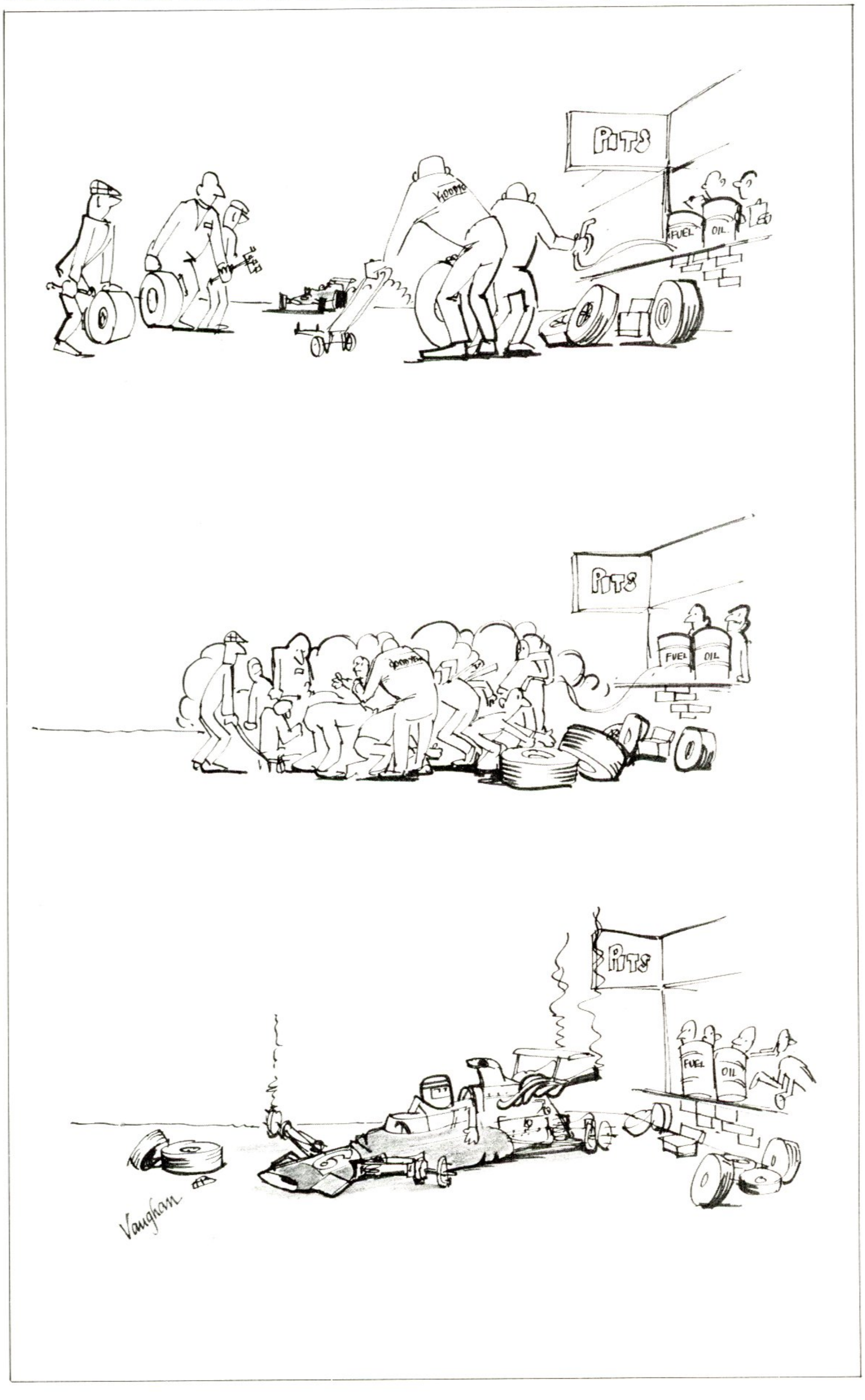
His old boss, Enzo Ferrari, was now a successful car manufacturer, and Nuvolari drove one of the two-litre cars. It was a race that was as full of incidents as any in his long career. As he worked his way through the field the car began to disintegrate.

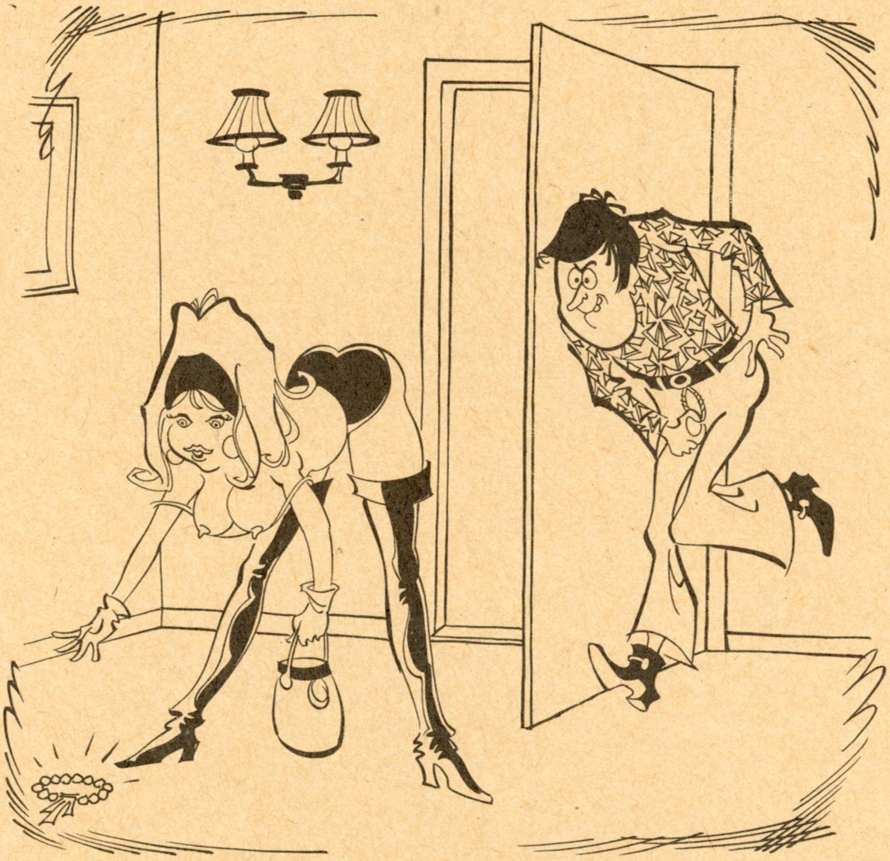
The bonnet flew off and disappeared into a ravine, the driving seat came loose, so Tazio threw it away and used a bag of oranges and lemons as a seat cushion. A large pot-hole, taken at over 100 mph, broke a spring shackle. At Bologna he was 35 minutes in the lead, and then the brakes failed. It was useless to continue, but there was no disgrace in retirement. Nuvolari took it calmly, he had beaten men who were many years his junior and in perfect physical condition. The spoils of victory went to Clemente Biondetti, but the honours were Tazio Nuvolari's.

His racing career finally ended in 1950. It was a minor race, run on the Monte Pellegrino circuit in Sicily. Tazio drove a 1500 cc Cisitalia and won his class. He retired to his villa on Lake Garda to live among his memories and souvenirs. There he could suck the clean mountain air into his poisoned lungs. But it was too late. On August 11th 1953 Tazio Nuvolari died. His last request was that he should be buried in his racing clothes; the blue trousers and helmet, and the faded yellow jersey.

During his thirty years on the motor circuits of the world he had won every honour it was possible to achieve. Three times Champion of Italy, winner of all the major road and track events in Europe at least once, and his country had honoured him with the title, Commendatore. Several months after his death another honour was paid, a simple gesture but sincere, and one that Nuvolari would have appreciated.

On the last stretch of the 1954 Mille Miglia, Alberto Ascari, world motor racing champion, was in the lead. Behind him came Biondetti. As the cars approached Mantua they slowed, and for a moment the race was forgotten. The two drivers glanced towards the quiet cemetery that stood by the road, and each raised a hand in salute to the white marble tomb that bore the inscription: 'TAZIO NUVOLARI . . . You will travel faster still through the heavens'.

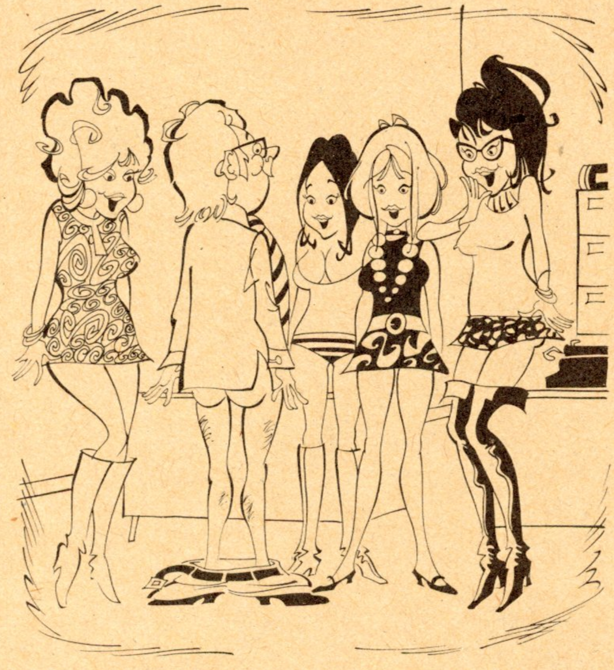




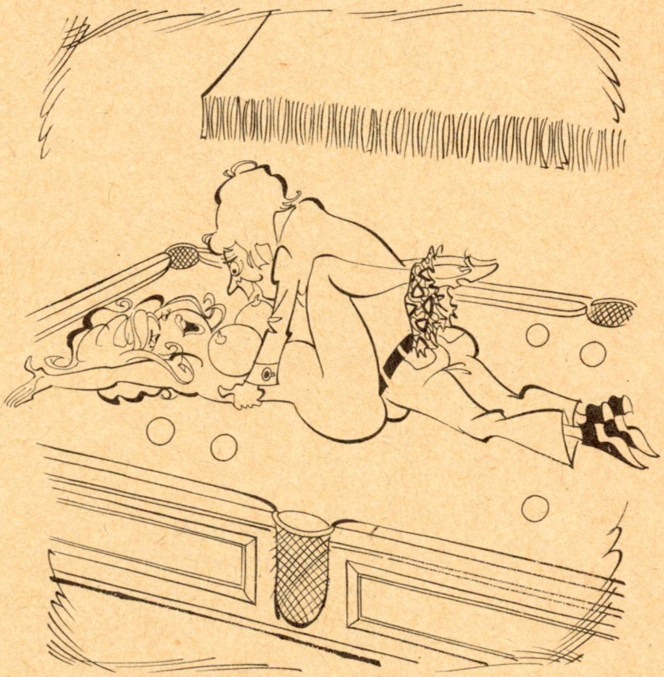
Your natural ingenuity enables you to force a surprise introduction to a girl who attracts you.

What lays ahead?

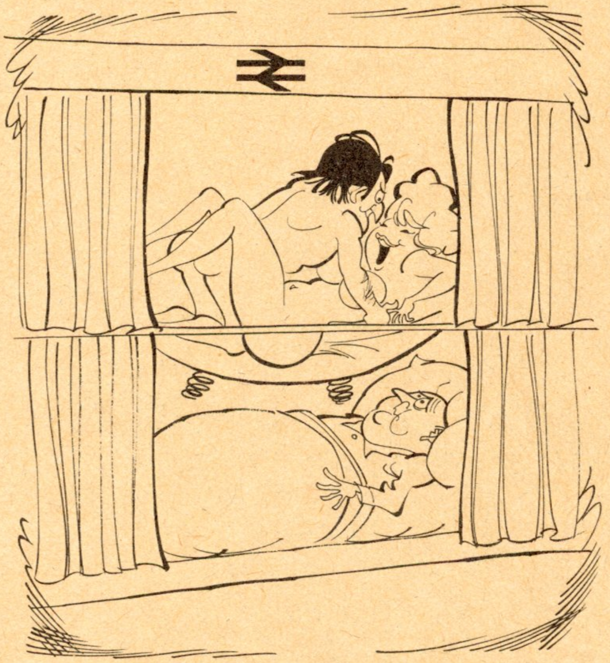
Forecasts from astrologers are often
trite. But to Paul White those loose phrases
can have a very uplifting meaning



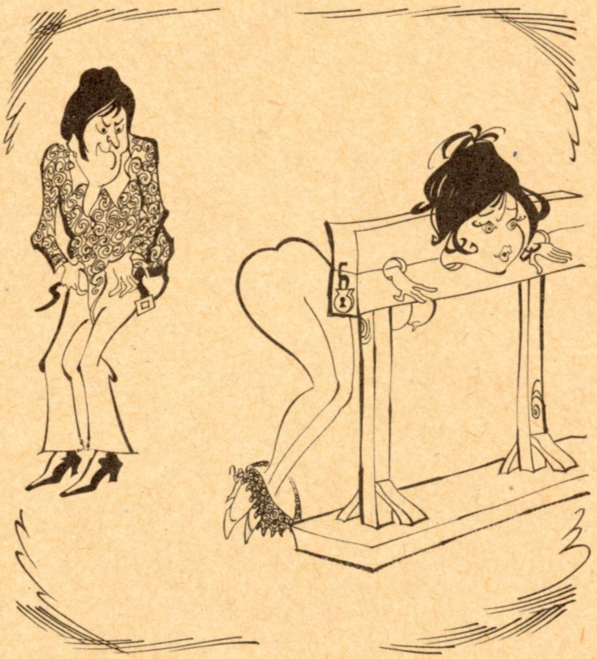
You are shy and reserved. Lower your defences and reveal your attractive personality.



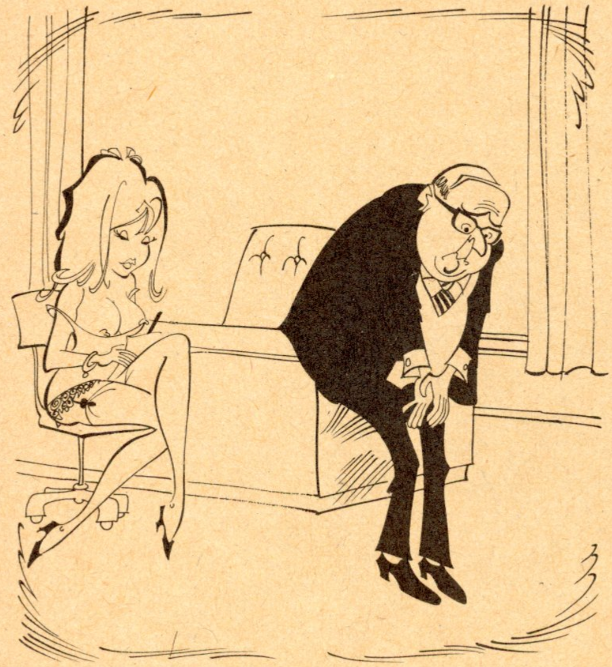
A sporting venue will be the scene of one of your major triumphs.



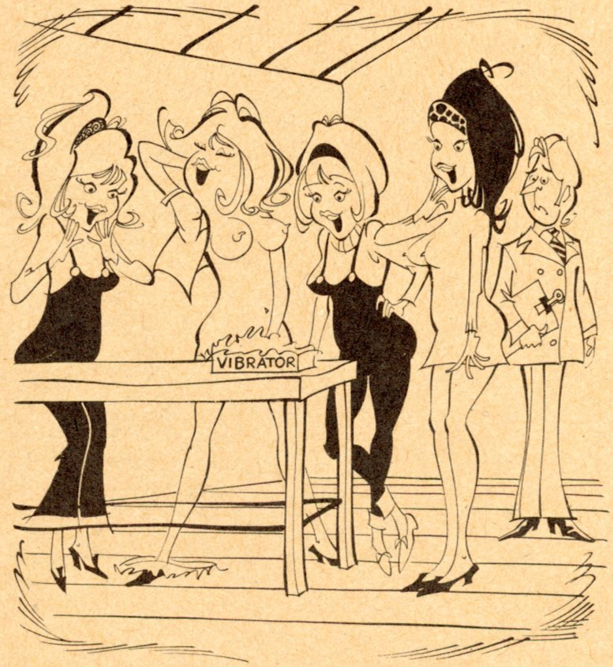
Your equilibrium will be upset by strong vibrations from people above you.



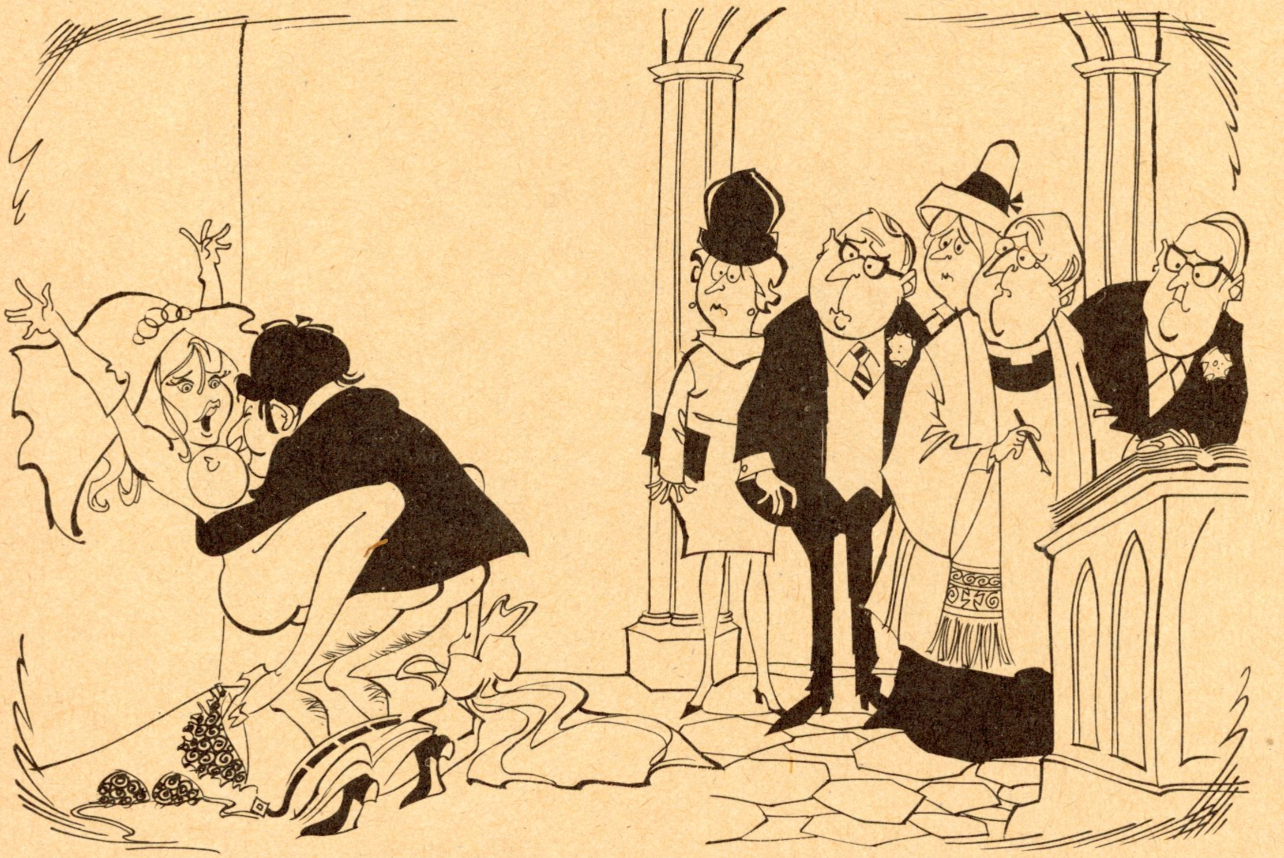
It is to your advantage to persuade a loved one to invest in stocks.



Curb your hard feelings towards the younger generation.



Be prepared to accept that new technology may make you redundant.



Before signing contracts, check that the deal is worthwhile.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

When the none-too-reverend William Veitch, Victorian clergyman and man-about-town, was busy at his devotions, there was little point in a gel warning her ravisher:–'I'll tell the vicar.' Odds were that the lusty fellow would reply in the words of the old music-hall gag: 'I *am* the vicar!'

For if a new book, edited by sexologist Ronald Pearsall, is an authentic Victorian piece of work, **A Secret Diary, The Intimate Memoirs of Vicar Veitch** (David Bruce and Watson, £2.25) then ladies' nights in a certain Sussex parsonage a century ago saw more semen delivered than sermon. Vicar Veitch preferred his parishioners to be *lay* in every sense.

From the moment he arrived at his new parish (the diary hints that certain improper proceedings had forced him to leave a snug Paddington berth) the vicar was at it. He bored a hole in his young maid's bedroom wall so as to see what she was made of and confides to his diary that she had 'bubbies' the size of melons with strawberry tips! By the time she sat on the bed to take off her stockings, the nipples were touching her knees and the vicar's 'staff' was pressing hard against his breeches and oozing involuntarily 'the most delightful juice'. The young lady, he espied through the hole in the wall, had a smooth round belly and the most delicious 'slit' actually bulging forth from beneath a 'diamond of bush'.

The vicar's thoughts then become a little unclerical. The next day he watched as she took a bath, and added to his previous commentary upon her flesh and his private devil: 'Off came her dress and her shift, and those luscious orbs were once again exposed to view. And then her drawers, and that divine slit, with its protective bush, her voluptuous thighs and legs, and trim ankles.

'She was a glorious specimen of young womankind. She lathered her bubbies until they glowed, and as she drew her hand between her legs my imagination had to serve instead of my senses . . . How I would love to insert my naked instrument until she throbbed with passion.'

It would be unreasonable to expect the vicar to remain on mere peeping terms with such a loveable morsel. He got to closer quarters when he suspected young Molly of stealing some of his gentlemanly books. Then he showed her what it meant to take clerical orders.

'I grabbed at her bubbies with my teeth, and ground at her nipples while my hands groped down her drawers. I plunged my fingers into her moss, and into her moist like a pot of honey. She began to grunt, and I bent down and pulled at her drawers . . . '

Until this moment Molly's only comment on the proceedings was restrained enough – 'You are an odd sort of vicar,' she said. But now when the biblically angry cleric threatened to whip her with a dog leash she shouted more persuasively: "Fuck me!"

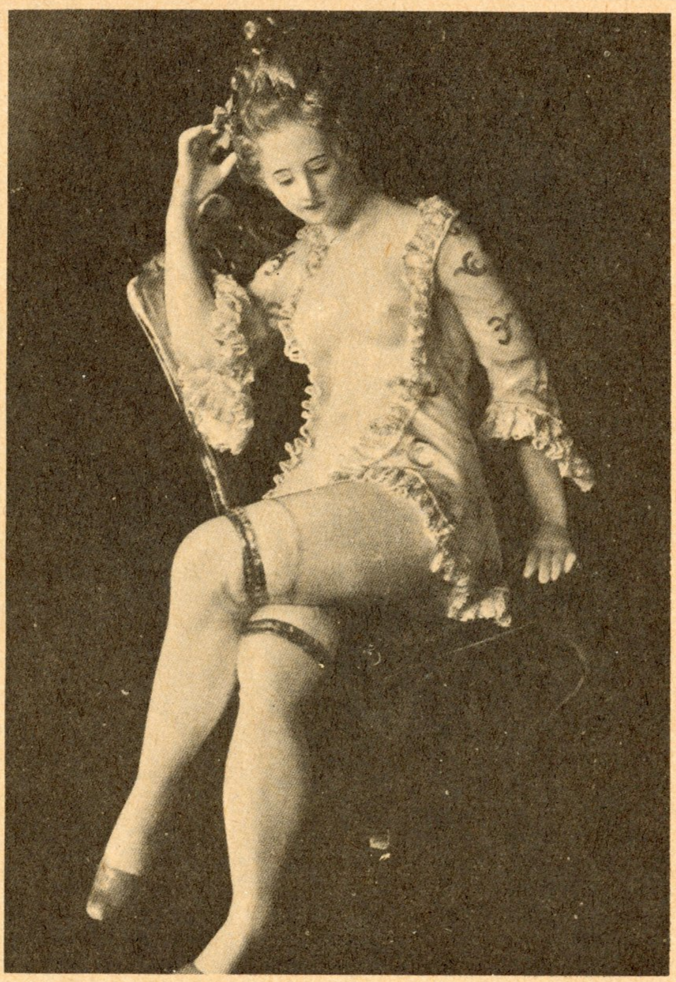
And, oh yes, the vicar did.

Well, one thing now led to another. The poor old vicar could never get on with his vicking without Molly interrupting him. He was in his study, preparing his Easter sermon, when the hussy entered and took off her drawers: 'It seemed natural for me to lay down the sermon, take down my trousers, bend her over my desk top and take my pleasure rearwise.'

Another time, he was studying the Ecclesiastical Gazette, no less, when in she came, undid his trousers and 'fondled my stones and pinched the top of my staff playfully'.

Vicar Veitch may have played unclerical games with his unholy organ, but he was worldly enough to take care of himself, too. He recognised the need for circumspection, and sent the now pregnant Molly off to marry a local farmer. He arranged for his bluestocking wife, repining amid the spiritualists of Victorian London, to come to the vicarage.

Then a local tart – they'd had a verbosely pleasurable bout, doubtless connected with her delicate slit, fair bush and technique of 'suffusing the vicar's stones with her spend' – and her pimp tried to blackmail our versatile hero. So he hired a pair of thugs from the Victorian underworld. Hanover Joe and Smallarse by name, for a fiver each gave the blackmailers a terrible beating.



This porcelain figure is one of the milder illustrations from Art and Society: Sex (designed by Ken Baynes, published by Lund Humphries, £2.50) and completes the Art and Society quartet of Volumes. The four are concerned with the things in which people have intense and well-known interests: war, work, worship and sex.

The event has a bedworthy sequel, though, for by chance vicar and tart meet again, and she's reformed enough to apologise for the blackmail, though not so far reformed as to forget her calling: 'I will tongue you until you ache for it,' she threatens: 'I will chew your stones till you call for mercy.' And what with his tonguing and ramming her and her tonguing him into a blind passion 'that set me screaming' she was as good (or bad) as her word.

By now, the dry and unappetising Mrs Veitch has arrived in the country, and this leads the author to speculate that the Victorian enthusiasm for spiritualism may have had more fleshy origins. The spirit moves Mrs Veitch to organise a seance which the vicar must attend as local spiritual leader, where he finds a spirit to move him too. But it's no ghost that gets a thumping that evening in the dark. Imagine Veitch's delicious surprise when the local squire's own daughter, a near-hysterical virgin, sends her hand roving across his trousers, finding the entrance and seizing the staff within!

'The busy hand of my neighbour began to rub me up and down. I rocked backward and forwards as she deliciously did for me.

'She then pushed my John back into its place and carefully rubbed . . . the surface of the table to make sure I had not spent on it.'

From one spiritual exercise to another. Vicar Veitch finds a lady parishioner once aroused hard to satisfy. He visits the lady Adeline, his partner of the seance, and finds she has a yen for confession that leads him to massage her bare breasts while she pummelled his genitals till he was sore. But the most remarkable encounter of all is that between the vicar and his wife. Their relationship has intruded from time to time during the 'diary'. We learn that he finds her dry and unappetising, that he has never seen her entirely naked, and she knows of and despises his randy ways. Also, she is reasonably keen on conjugal delights so long as she can stay true to the Victorian myth of 'ladies don't move'. Well, the wife gets her way – though whether it's all as she intended, I'm not so sure. She tormented him with cold breakfast, bad dinner, and spoiled port until he agreed to copulate.

First move was hers. She knelt before him, thrust her hand up his night-shirt and fondled his member until it hardened satisfactorily. Holding her head between his hands, he forced her down to him, until he could force no more. He tied her hands with his dressing-gown cord, but when she warned that she'd bite it off if he tried that again, he forced her legs apart instead.

'Although she tried at first to close her thighs she presently desisted and opened her legs, but even as she was doing it she was saying: "It is infamous what you are doing to me."

"I'll make you scream for it, you damned cold fish," I said. "Never, never!" she shouted. But when I put my head between her legs again, she thrust her hips forwards to meet with me, and began to grunt in between her imprecations.' Then she brought her knee round and caught him a resounding crack upon the chin.

FILMS

David Quinlan

Although much of **Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex – but Were Afraid to Ask** (X) is comedy at its crudest, with Woody Allen at the reins you know it's got to be good for a few laughs. The big drawback is that the funniest of the six episodes are the first and second, and it isn't until the last that Mr. Allen really gets going again. In between there's a lot of stuff that's too obscene to be very funny. But I must admit that a vibrator that bursts into flames when plugged in gave me a fit of the giggles.

Of the better stories, the first is about a court jester (Allen) who tries to make it with the queen (Lynn Redgrave) by spinning such 11th century lines as 'Lady, I hast the hots for thee', and slipping her an aphrodisiac in her Bournvita. Alas, the poor fool gets his hand stuck in the queen's chastity belt, which enables Mr. Allen to go around for the rest of the scene with his hand clasped to Miss Redgrave's bottom (yes, he did write the script). Best line, by the jester about the prowess of the king (Anthony Quayle): 'He's the only man I know who can swim the moat lengthwise' (Think about it).

In the second yarn, Gene Wilder is superb as a doctor who falls in love with a sheep, to be finally discovered in humiliating circumstances in bed with the animal, by his wife and a photographer-detective. The sheep has on a black suspender belt . . .

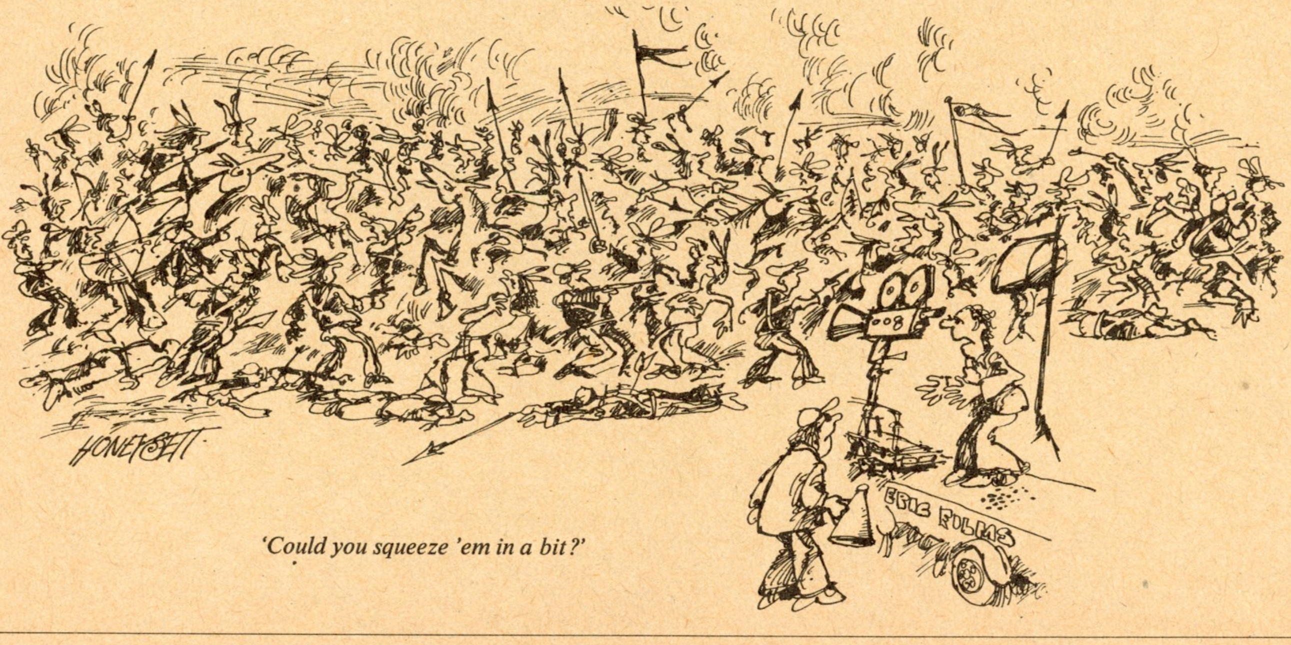
Here ends, for the time being, the fun. The third episode, amusing in conception but crude in execution, is about a wife who can only make love with the spice of danger (under a restaurant table; in a shop). It overworks the use of the words 'come' and 'penis' and only gets funny too late. The fourth is an uncomfortably unfunny piece about a middle-aged transvestite, the fifth involves Mr. Allen with a mad professor (John Carradine) working on premature ejaculation in hippopotami, and ends with a giant breast pursuing our hero across the countryside.

But the last story is good for a few chuckles. It imagines all parts of the male body are occupied by little men and studies their reactions as they prepare for intercourse ('We have erection at 45 degrees,' bellow the men in the engine room, working overtime). Mr. Allen is a sperm, wondering what it's like in the great big womb outside. Like the sperm, the film is the usual Allen mixture of hit and miss – with a panel game called *What's My Perversion?* thrown in for good measure.

Dirty Little Billy (AA) is a title that's pretty descriptive of the film – a dingy little western about the early days of Billy the Kid, with Michael J. Pollard grunting and grimacing his way through the leading role. Director Stan Dragoti provides further proof that America is still in love with its heritage in this soporific, under-directed movie, in which the desire to show it as it was is still mellowed by an almost hypnotic compulsion to make its characters as sympathetic as possible. Thus, we're all presumably supposed to cheer when Billy tumbles into the bed of his fellow-killer's mistress (the best performance in the film, by Lee Purcell).

The action, from a knife-fight between two prostitutes to Billy's final murder of three homosexual mountain men (shades of *Deliverance*) is horrifically well-staged and not for the squeamish. But one wonders whether John Huston doesn't have the right approach in his *Roy Bean* film when he says in the credits: 'Perhaps this isn't the way it was. But it's the way it should have been.'

Luis Bunuel's **The Quiet Charm of the Bourgeoisie** (A) is *an amusing diversion*, nothing more. And, although I prefer Bunuel in more seriously satirical mood, his new film *is* diverting. Three diplomats (and their wives) are heroin smugglers. But, largely because of a much-interrupted dinner party, they become prey to weird dreams, which gradually take over the content of the film. The dinner scenes give the ladies – Stephane Audran, Belle Ogier and Delphine Seyrig – the opportunity to wear a sumptuous collection of evening gowns, in this largely entertaining, occasionally tedious, often mystifying film.



'Could you squeeze 'em in a bit?'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

The great blues men (Vanguard VSD 25/26) is a double album containing 26 performances which range from delicate guitar picking to powerful boogie piano. Several of these recordings were made at Newport folk festivals, some are from a Carnegie Hall concert, others are from studio sessions. The varied talents of Son House, Rev. Gary Davis, Lightnin' Hopkins, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Big Bill Broonzy, Otis Spann, Sleepy Johns Estes, and Skip James, are included, among others. I particularly liked Mississippi John Hurt's 'Moanin' the blues', he has a gentle voice and complex guitar style. Jesse Fuller, the amazing one-man-band, plays twelve-string guitar and a variety of other instruments on 'San Francisco Bay Blues'. The different moods and personalities of the performers emerge in what is basically the same form of expression.

Like the blues, flamenco music began in a period of oppression, the songs reflect various emotions which are freely expressed. Flamenco today, however, is spectacular entertainment, and the guitar, the focus of brilliant virtuosity. **The best of Manitas de Plata** (Vanguard VSD 37/38) is an excellent double album.

Manitas, a self taught Spanish gypsy, elevates the flamenco guitar into the realms of pure art. He has such masterly control of his instrument that he is free to project his fiercely independent personality in spontaneous bursts of inspiration. His son Manero Ballado and a cousin José Reyes also perform with him on this record. Manitas is an entertaining and colourful character. There is a bubble of unabashed humour throughout some of his work, but other pieces convey a more morose sentiment. He lives in Arles in southern France and among his friends and admirers are Pablo Picasso and Salvador Dali.

Matching Mole's second album, **Matching Moles Little Red Record** (CBS 65260) should firmly establish them as one of today's top bands. They have not yet been fully appreciated by a wide audience. Dave McRae who plays piano, organ and synthesizer, creates some intelligent, subtle passages, while Robert Wyatt's drumming is strong and sensitive, his unusual voice adds a distinctive dimension to their music. The first impression on listening to this record is of oblique unruliness, but as you get into it, there's a deepening of perception and strengthening of control.

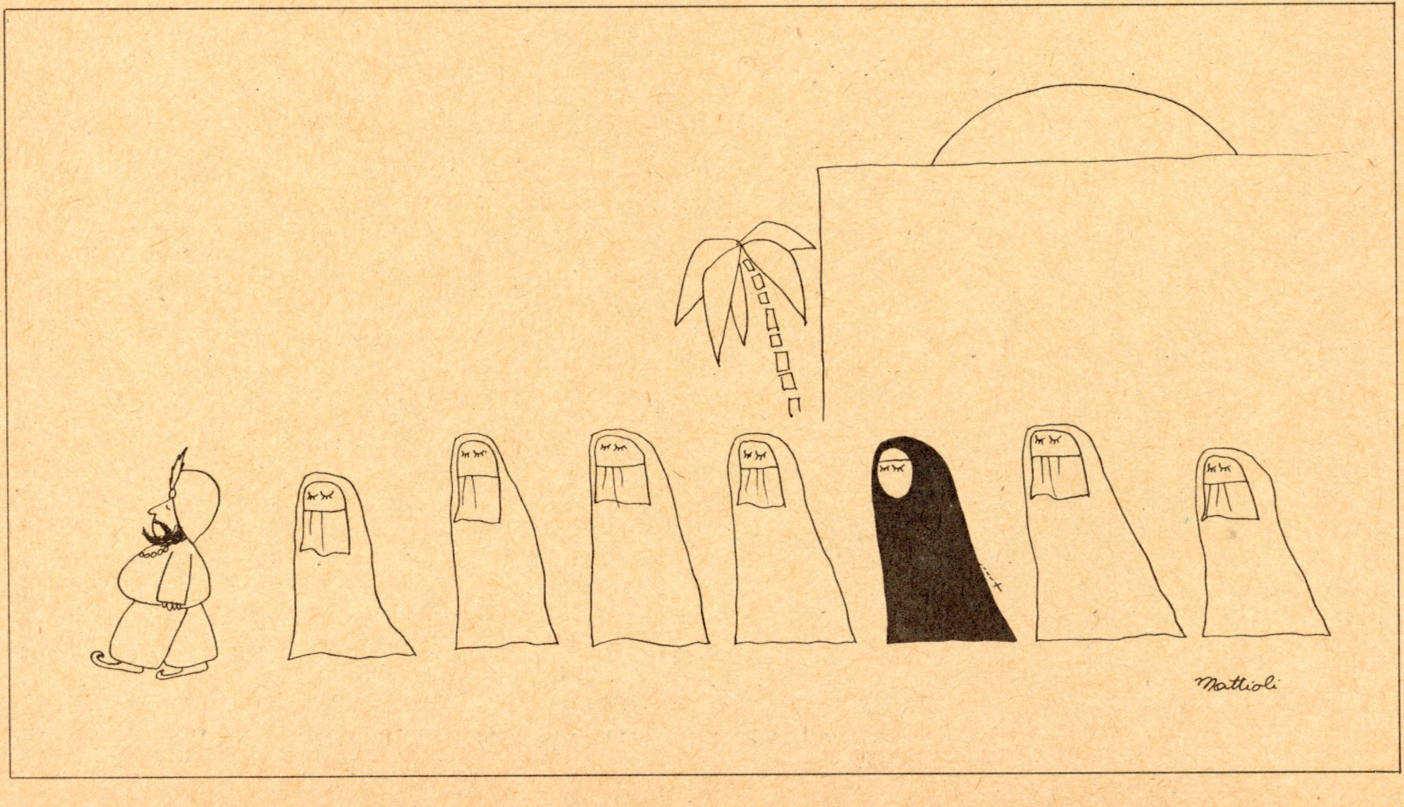
Joni Mitchell has a beautiful voice, great imaginative resourcefulness, and complete artistic control. **For the roses** (Asylum SYLA 8753) her latest album has a feeling of translucent calm, and her songs contain an inner wealth of imagery. All the songs are composed by Joni herself, she has followed the thread of inspiration, adding flexible echoing rhythms to the fabric of her verse. The songs cover a broad emotional range, flow freely, and despite their intensity are understated. She has a rare understanding of how to use her voice, there are self imposed limitations and unusual emphasis.

When Mott the Hoople went to record for CBS, Island released an album containing some of their best material from the past three years **Rock and Roll Queen** (Island ILPS 9215). The music is punchy, thumping rock and roll; the title track is one of the best on the album. There are one or two flashes of subtlety, but mostly it's straightforward blowing based on simple riffs.

Stealers Wheel's first album **Stealers Wheel** (A&M AMLS 68121) has obviously had a lot of time and effort put into it. There is a control and precision throughout the album, each of the musicians knows exactly what he's doing, there are no wasted notes. The material has a basic, earthy, rock feel but it's clearly stated and tightened up. The album was produced by Leiber and Stoller, who were responsible for the production of a lot of early American rock. The combination of fine songs, good studio technique, and musical unity and understanding, has produced excellent results. Even the cover illustration is beautiful.

The Grateful Dead have been around since the mid sixties, and their individual blend of 'psychedelic rock' has survived during a period when groups were frequently splitting. During April and May last year the Dead toured Europe, and now there is a three record set **Europe '72** (Warner Bros. K66019) which was recorded during these concerts. Their success is partly due to their high standard of musicianship, but they also have great emotional depth.

Jerry Garcia the lead guitarist plays some inventive, sparkling runs, he has a strong instrumental rapport with rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, and Phil Lesh's bass provides a solid foundation. A lot of the material is their own, 'Morning Dew' is one of the exceptions, they have isolated the core of this song, adjusted and refigured to form their interpretation. These records show that the Dead are still the masters of richly textured rock, still capable of turning the windmill of your mind.



NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

It is pretty significant when you take a man who is established as a leader of international entertainment into a London nightclub and find that he is so impressed that he is speechless with wonder for the first fifteen minutes of his visit. This happened to us recently, when we took a foreign visitor to the extraordinary **Valbonne Club.**

A swimming-pool in a nightclub is one thing, but a swimming-pool on a dance-floor with a topless gogo dancer in it is really something else. Four fountains throwing water over her writhing body keep her cool and make her glisten. Three feet above her head, foot-long fish gaze balefully down on her gyrations from their enormous suspended tank. In the background you can just see the illuminated Cascade Bar, with a waterfall continuously pouring over it, where dolly-looking girls serve drinks to the lazier members relaxing in tropical-style huts. Swivel your chair in another direction and you can see the continuous films being displayed by back projection on to a suspended screen. Swivel your chair a little further and you can see through the glass-wall of the fashion boutique – which undoubtedly holds the record opening hours in London, selling exotic dresses even at 2.30 in the morning.

Swivel your chair a little further still and look through the glass-walled restaurant at the strolling minstrels as they play to the diners, oblivious of the frantic music from the discotheque twenty yards away.

Keep swivelling your chair (you'll never fall off though you may get giddy) and you will see the computerised DJ box and lighting controls. Beyond it is another restaurant with a full buffet of cold meats and Polynesian foods. You have not yet seen the Boat Bar, or the Long Bar in the quiet St Tropez Room with its ceramic tiled bar top, or the colour slides of nude girls which are being projected on another wall – or you may have been so interested in the cabaret artist that you've ignored everybody (my girlfriend actually told Engelbert Humperdinck that he could not sit at our table 'as the seats were reserved' – so distracted was she by the cabaret).

The flashes that you can see across the room come from the pinball and shooting game entertainments, though heaven knows how anyone can concentrate on them whilst the serving girls walk around in low-cut costumes with ostrich feathers carefully designed not to obstruct the view.

Illuminate the whole scene by a hundred naked gas flames, each shooting out a flare a foot long, and then add a thousand spotlights, and you have some idea why the Valbonne is unusual, spectacular, and popular.

It does not cost a millionaire's ransom to use the club. The mathematics are as follows: a male guest pays £2 for admission and a lady guest £1. A member does not pay anything to go into the club, but his annual membership will set him back £10.

A girl can become a member for £3.50 and it seems that quite a number have done so. On several of the nights I have been in the club I have noticed parties of girls obviously enjoying themselves without any embarrassment. It is very much the sort of club where people will talk to each other and it would be difficult to be lonely there.

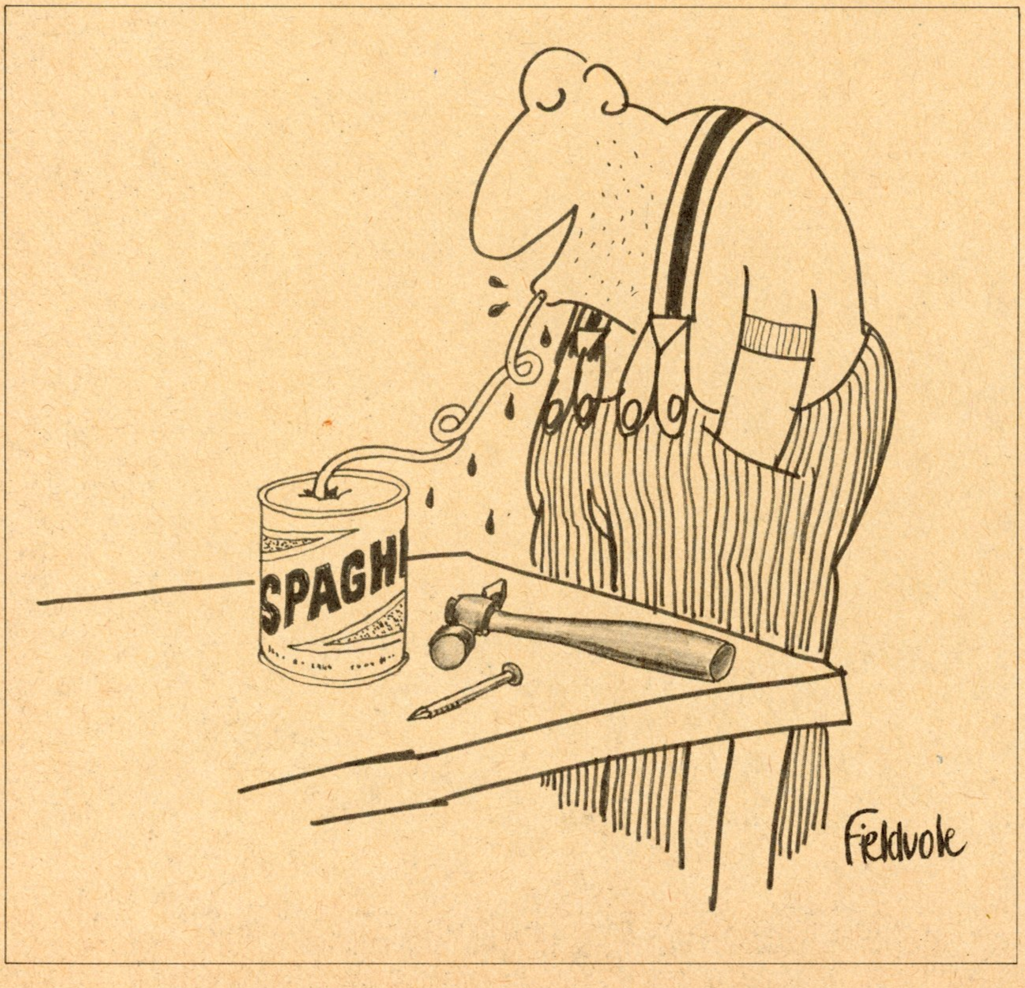
Prices of drinks are not expensive once you have paid the admission charges, and a normal tray of, say, four whiskies would cost around £1.50, with tip. A bottle of champagne is £5.50.

The club is very promotion conscious, and Michael Browne – who is the brother of the owner and head of their promotions organisation – is continually organising beauty contests and party nights. Roy Evans, the racing driver-cum-singer-cum-film stuntman, who runs the club at night, encourages a topical clientele of well-known personalities. I noticed most of the Arsenal football team when I was last there as well as several film and pop stars.

You cannot help liking the staff at the Valbonne, who are mainly very delightful, good-looking girls – and whenever Roy has employed a man to do a job, he has chosen with knowledge and expertise. In fact I believe the Luchi can handle my car better than I can in the confined space outside 62 Kingly Street, W1, where a large gas flame identifies the club.

There are a couple of other points which may help you to make your evening complete. Firstly, if you are an overseas visitor, the Valbonne can make special arrangements for you to be admitted, provided you take your passport along with you. Secondly, the topless gogo dancer goes into the pool at 9.30 each evening, and four girls alternate on the half hour thereafter.

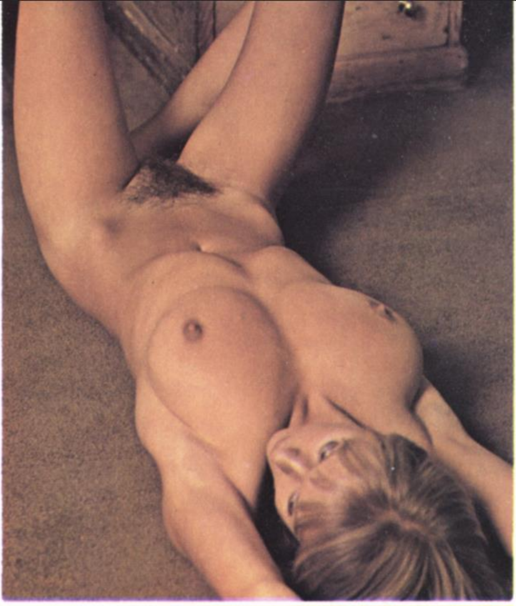
It is not generally known that the owner of the club, Louis Browne, is a very fine photographer in his own right and he has captured the atmosphere of the Valbonne in some excellent photographs, which is one way of preserving some of the many enjoyable evenings he has created.



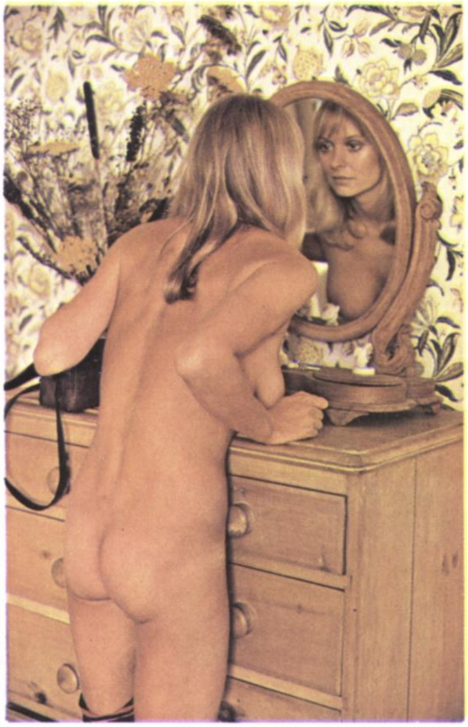
Jean

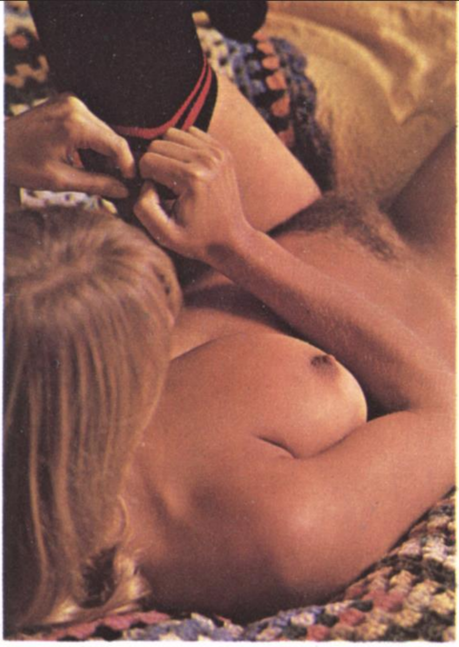
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN

Now and again a magazine like Mayfair gets accused of printing a pack of lies about the girls who choose to appear on our pages. It is occasionally said that some of our girls are strippers, or professional models and that we make up stories about them being nice, home-loving girls. Well that is just not so. If a girl is a model we say so. Take Zoe who appeared in last month's issue. She was a dancer turned model and we said exactly that. Also in that issue we had Christianne Halstead, the beauty Queen, and all the beauty competitions she said she had entered can be checked if you don't believe us. Now take Jean Fordwater pictured

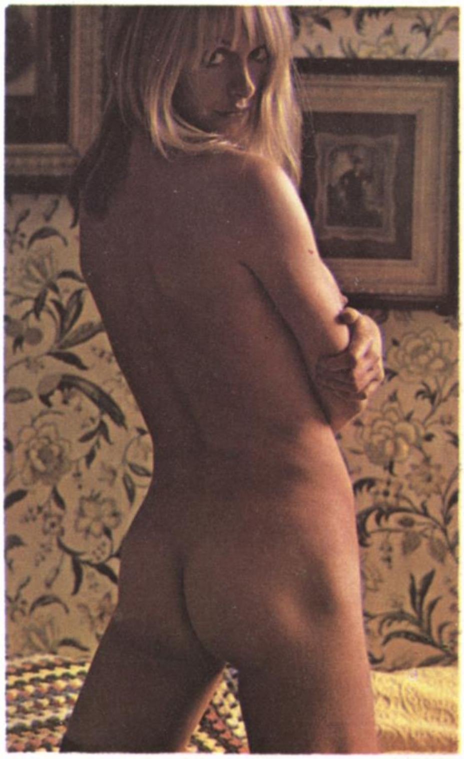


on these pages. For those of you who have spotted her face already, yes, this time we have made up a false name. The reason is simple. We asked this girl to model for Mayfair and at the time she readily agreed and we thought she was happy to have her real name used. But after the pictures had been taken she told us that we could only use them if we made up a different name to call her by. So what do you do when that happens? The easiest thing would have been to say nothing and just make up a complete package of lies about her, because as you can see, she's a girl who is far too good to let slip away. But no, we didn't want to do that so we've fallen in line with her request and made up a false name, and that's as far as we are prepared to lie. The oddest thing of all is that 'Jean' has done some acting and if you were





to purchase a certain copy of a film magazine, you'll see her there, in the nude and getting groped. Those pictures were taken from one of those films that keep some of London's smaller cinemas in the black. We told 'Jean' this, and she still didn't change her mind. It only served to harden her. But don't get the impression that 'Jean' is a bitch. Quite often a girl has second thoughts after the pictures have been taken, but they come round in the end. It's just that 'Jean' had made up her mind and couldn't be persuaded otherwise. We know she's 24, about 5 feet 6 inches, and her statistics something around 36–22–35. We actually found her back stage at a charity youth club concert in Morden some time ago, where our photographer recognised her as the beautiful model in a famous spirits poster with a sexy sell. She liked the idea of modelling for Mayfair but later added that she didn't want her real name used.



TO SELL A CAR, IT'S ALL

At the 1971 Motor Show car firms used totally nude girls to reach the ultimate in publicity exposure

In far-off times when roads were running with horse-manure and the horseless-carriage was a dream of the more cranky inventors, you might have thought there would be no call for public relations stuff. When few cars had been built there were more than enough adventurous playboys around to buy all that were for sale. Yet even in those days, that rogue Lawson, founder of the Horseless Carriage Company and, later, the British Motor Syndicate, was aiding the promotion of his notorious financial interests. His publicity material would have been relevant several decades later. It included organising the first London-Brighton Emancipation Run, forming the Motor Car Club and endeavouring to annex every automotive patent in the world.

There were pictures of his Pennington tricycle jumping rivers, motor cycles flying through the air and other internal-combustion confections fielding light guns. Coupled with magical terms like 'long-mingling spark' it was all powerful PR stuff of the kind on which numerous motor-cars were launched, even in far more enlightened days.

The fact is that selling cars, which pour from assembly-lines faster than you can shell peas, calls for a great deal of ingenuity. Over the years most of this art has been exhausted and there are now very few fresh motoring publicity stunts. Almost all of them have been tried before.

First line of fire is the newspaper or periodical advertisement. This has the advantage of saying exactly, and only, what it is intended to say, and its placing and timing is under the control of the advertiser. The days have passed when the front of the *Daily Mail* would be wholly occupied with a motor ad. But there is still plenty of scope in advertising, from immediate announcements of important race or rally victories to polished layouts for the glossy magazines.

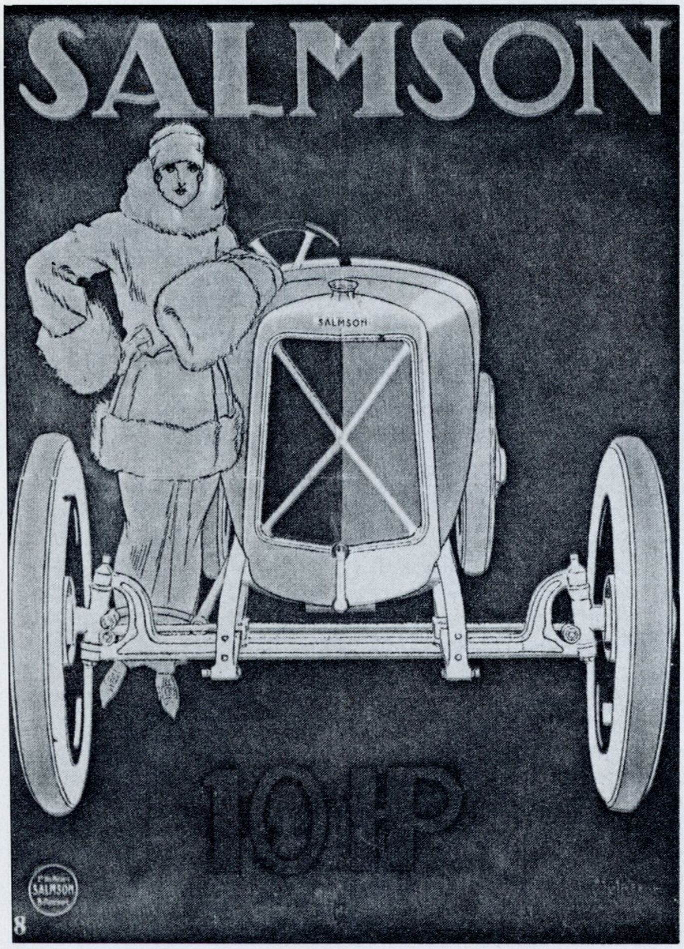
America undoubtedly leads the latter field. Catch lines like 'Capri – The Sexy European,' 'It Really Moves You – the BMW 2002Tii,' and 'For 1,992 dollars You Can Drive The Car Enzo Ferrari Drives' (a Fiat 128) are some of the milder headings that bring individual car-makes to the minds of motorised America.

Other punch lines include: 'Corvette – Everything you need is standard except the gas,' 'To a world filled with compromise we make no contribution' (Jaguar), 'Add the reflexes of electronic fuel injection to the agility of front wheel drive and you've got one hell of a machine' (Renault 17 coupé), 'In Italy, men build cars with passion. One of them is Alejandro de Tomaso. And this is his car. Pantera . . .' and 'Our little inexpensive economy car can beat your little inexpensive economy car' (Triumph Spitfire).

It is said with much truth, however, that editorial coverage is worth three expensive advertisements. But editorials have a nasty habit of being a bit outspoken, a bit too honest at times, for the peace of mind of advertising tycoons.

So the advertising buffs pen their copy and take their pictures. The PR chaps have the broader task of thinking up publicity stunts that are at once both convincing (at all events to the gullible) and original. At least they avoid the direct counter-attack which could come even in the guarded motor advertising of the 1920s. Remember how Rolls-Royce used a very dignified layout, just the name, the badge, the London address, a nice border and, of course, that proud slogan 'The Best Car in the World'? Fine! Until the Hispano-Suiza concessionaires

—OR NOTHING



Vapid girls were a feature of car advertising from the first days

Draping nudes over bonnets, leaping rivers, driving across the Channel, or through the sewers of Bradford, it's all part of the incredible history of car advertising

Motoring with WB

paid for an identical layout – only it omitted the slogan.

Publicity stunts have been both numerous and ingenious. At one time RAC-observed runs were all the rage. All in top gear from London to Edinburgh. And back. Round the World, if you like. Tests up hills, up mountains, round and round Brooklands, across deserts. Best remembered is the Rolls-Royce RAC-observed 15,000-mile trial of their new Silver Ghost, which was afterwards stripped-down for the engineers' post-mortem. The worn parts, they announced, could be replaced for a cost of £2.2s.7d. Not bad for 1907, when motoring was normally a costly business.

Then there was the affair of the mixed-up Cadillacs. Fred Bennett had the task of selling these cars in England. Intent on demonstrating their interchangeability and therefore the effectiveness of their spare-parts system, he had a number of them driven round Brooklands. They were then dismantled into hundreds of parts and these were locked away for the night in a shed, having first been well stirred. The next day some luckless mechanics were set to re-assembling this jumble of bits into motor-cars, and it is a fact that all started-up satisfactorily and motored off again round the track.

Stunts of endurance have led cars up and down dozens of hills and mountains. The RAC's great Dewar Trophy for the year's best performance was won in 1925 by Rover with a 14/45 (actually a poor car) which went up and down the steep Bwlch-y-Groes pass in Wales no less than fifty times. Ben Nevis was conquered by a Model-T Ford in 1911 and Snowdon was vanquished even by light cars (ACs and BSAs) by 1924.

In the 1920s Jowett thought up the publicity stunt of driving some of their seven hp light cars, propelled by 'The Little Engine with the Big Pull' through an underground sewer near their home town of Bradford. The idea was, presumably, that a heavier car would have climbed up the sides of the gigantic pipe and overturned, whereas the spindley Jowett with the Big Pull came through safely – no doubt to the relief of the crews! I think it was the PR chap for the American Peerless car, somewhere again in the mid-1920s, who drew attention to that car's ultra-light steering by having it driven about without a steering wheel, which had been replaced by a pair of grips from the tool kit.

This was improved upon by cars driven through Paris apparently driverless, but actually steered by concealed drivers or remote control. But girls with their skirts over their heads immediately following the passage of another French car had nothing to do with inspired publicity – it was simply that this particular cyclecar was propelled by an air-screw. The girls were the unfortunate victims, when knickers were normally unseen, of the vehicle's slip-stream.

Another happy gambit was to make high-speed journeys through Europe, to or from as improbable a place as possible. In 1937 the late Dudley Noble, employed to publicise Rootes products, visited ten European capitals in ten days in one of the first Humber Snipe saloons. Seeking a slice of impressive post-war publicity for Austin, PRO Alan Hess, set three of the new Austin Sixteen saloons, crewed by experienced racing and rally drivers, to reach seven capitals in seven days starting in the Scandinavian countries in the horrid winter of 1947. In 1952 Stirling Moss and some other right guys got to fifteen countries in 90 hours, driving a big Humber Super Snipe saloon. Alas, the car was fog bound in

Lisbon when it should have been flown to London for the party! Well, did any of these adventurous stunts persuade you or your parents to buy these cars at the time?

The motor makers and the publicity trade certainly believed such stunts did, and do, sell cars. Before he joined Rootes, Noble had been the publicity boy for Rover's. This prompted him to many mad motoring feats like beating the 'Blue Train' from St Raphael to Calais in 1930 with a 2-litre Rover Light Six saloon (£325, with two years' guarantee). This was done again and quicker by an open Alvis Silver Eagle, before officialdom, then as now, began to dicker about safety. Noble's 'Blue Train' run was so well publicised that it set him off to try to beat the Orient Express, in a slightly later Humber model. Alas, the sump breather sucked in the dust of pre-war Yugoslavia, big-ends ran and the venture was never completed. The indefatigable Noble also undertook long trips into the Libyan and Sahara deserts, towing vintage caravans behind cars like Hillman Wizards, before Imperial Airways had scheduled services to the places he chose as his destinations.

After the war beating trains was easier. The late and great Tommy Wisdom went appreciably faster than both the 'Blue Train' and the 'Golden Arrow', in nothing more potent than a Standard Ensign. He was partnered by his daughter Anne, who later drove in rallies with Pat Moss. Before the Hitler interlude, there was also considerable publicity from many long-distance excursions abroad.

Humfrey Symons, Sports Editor to *The Motor* and subsequently Motoring Correspondent of *The Times*, did some profitable ones. First he took a Morris 10/4 from London to Timbuktu in seven days, then a bigger Morris to Kano. After that he drove as quickly as he could from London to Nairobi and back. For this he used a Rolls-Royce Phantom III limousine! That it needed no water in its radiator throughout, whereas the Bwlch-conquering Rover had needed nearly half-a-pint, conclusively proved something or other. Finally, Symons broke the Cape Town record in a Wolseley 18/85, in spite of his co-driver dropping the car off a high native bridge into a river en route. Nowadays this London-Cape record is real professional stuff and Ford use some very tough rally-crews to take it.

In amongst all these endurance tests of man and machine there were things like non-stop engine runs. A Rover Eight for example drove from Land's End to John o'Groats to prove that air-cooling worked – only they stalled the engine at Bristol.

Quite early in the life of the motor-car girls enhanced these publicity affairs. There was pretty blonde Kitty Brunell, whose dad was photographer to a paper called *The Auto*. She figured in most of the illustrations and went in the AC Six which was the first British car to win a Monte Carlo Rally in the days when you started from the farthest north of Scotland, *sans* heaters, wearing leather coats and flying hats. She contributed to the industry in other ways too and she designed a neat body for a Roesch Talbot 65, the subject of further pictorial publicity.

From the days of dressed-up girls and legs only bared for the camera, we have come full-circle, to the topless and the strippers who are such a feature of Press Day at the London Motor Show, along with Raymond Platfoot's Bavarian band and other attractions on the BMW stand.

Since the war, feats of enterprise and endurance have continued. A Volkswagen Beetle tried to cross the English Channel but sank, there have been low budget Round-Britain runs, like a Singer Junior's race for a fiver (petrol was about 1/3d. a gallon then) and many ascents of Porlock Hill by one of these cars, in sports guise, which led to it being called the 'Porlock' model. There was the Docker Golden Daimler and successive Docker-horrors, and countless special Motor Show cars, including the sectioned and the open-and-shut, all part of the great publicity band-wagon.

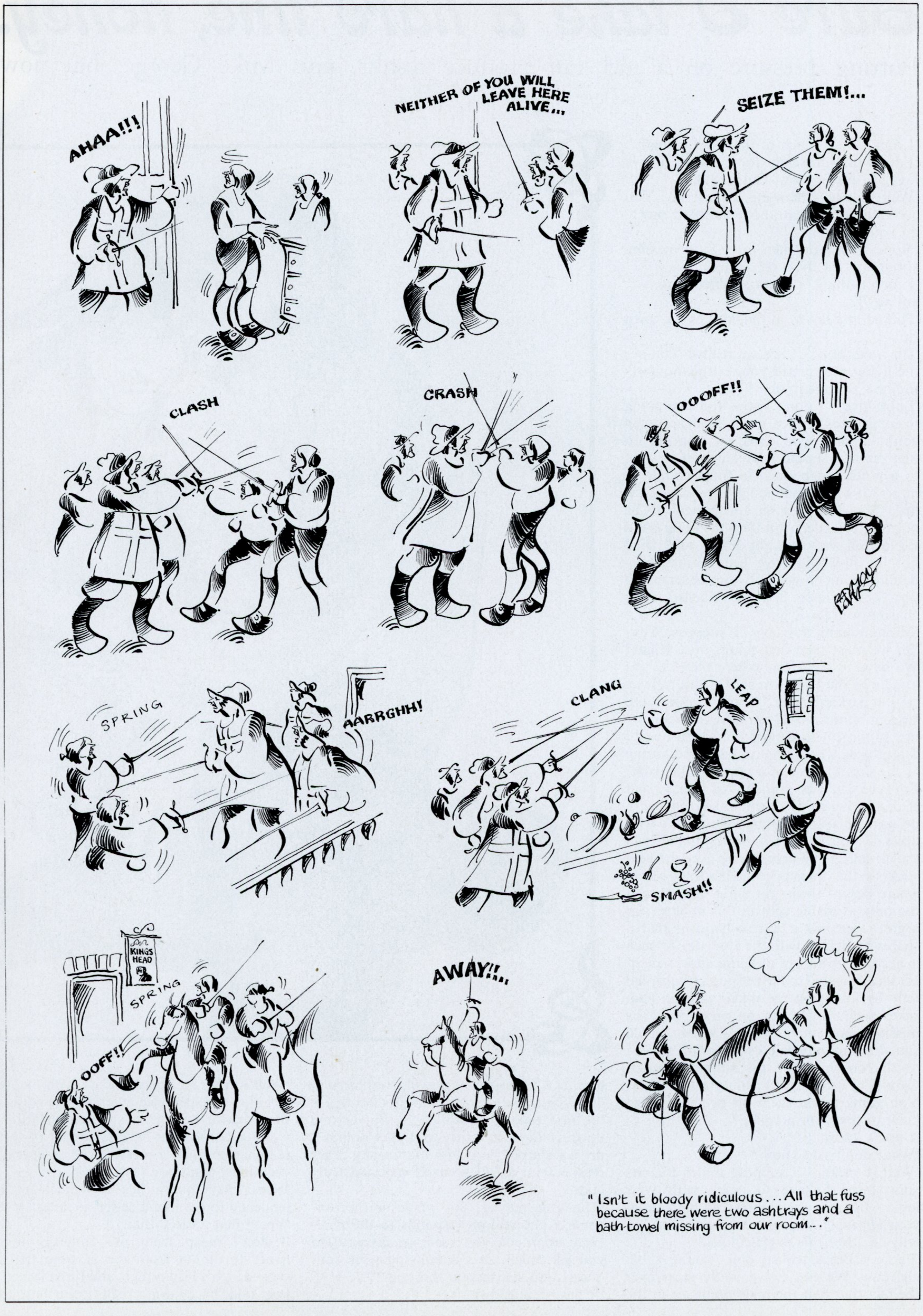
The three Misses Dare on their Motor Car.

Early publicity men soon had women behind the wheel as racing drivers as well as society chics

Consequently, it is now almost impossible to think up new PR stunts. Perhaps this is why competition work – racing, rallying, occasional record-breaking – is still going strong. In my opinion it pays very well, while all is going well. Lord Stokes cut back on such BL capers but Ford-of-Britain takes rallying very seriously and also powers most of the F1 Grand Prix machinery. Jaguar and Mercedes-Benz were in a more powerful position to cope with the sales-race when they were racing than they are now, and it is interesting that Ford think it worth spending £50,000 annually to compete in the East African Safari Rally, toughest of them all. They have been rewarded by winning the coveted Manufacturer's Team Prize seven times, clobbering the growing Datsun menace last year. This is ripe publicity and the public loves it, notwithstanding the special cars and the frequency with which service crews replace vital bits in modern rallies. Lancia, Saab, BMW, Datsun, Toyota, Fiat, Opel and Volvo are in the thick of rallying and saloon-car dicing for the publicity that it brings.

Individual stunts are quite another thing and the staging of new model releases for the press and the trade are different again. No wonder the motoring world is full to the brim with PROs, press officers and advertising men, and that good cars, fast drivers and trim model-girls are in such great demand.

It seems a long time ago that Symons set off, first circling the Eros statue in Piccadilly Circus, 'because that is the proper way to start such a journey,' and in a Morris 10/4 if you please! I remember it because he had a companion with him who had been told to take three weeks off and bring travel-kit but who didn't know where they were going. As they left Boulogne this co-driver, Leslie Seyd, asked Symons 'Where *are* we going?' 'Oh,' replied Humfrey, 'to Timbuktu'. Which, I suppose, is the very essence of good publicity. But it was rather more leisurely than last year's tremendous crossing of the Darien Gap by British Army Range Rovers . . . although Symons was in just as much of a hurry.


AHAA!!!
NEITHER OF YOU WILL LEAVE HERE ALIVE...
SEIZE THEM!...
CLASH
CRASH
OOOFF!!
SPRING
AARRGHH!
CLANG
LEAP
SMASH!!
KINGS HEAD
SPRING
OOFF!!
AWAY!!..
" Isn't it bloody ridiculous... All that fuss because there were two ashtrays and a bath-towel missing from our room..."

Sure I take a hard line, honey.

Putting pressure on a girl can produce results, says Mike George, but now

‘I don’t think much of the view, actually’.

‘I don’t think we came for the view, did we love? Come on now. Get ’em off.’

‘Well. Really. Charming, I must say. You certainly don’t beat about the bush much, do you?’

‘Nope. Come on then love. Stop messing about and get them off. Okay?’

‘I don’t think so. No. Where are we, anyway?’

‘Parked in a lay-by at the edge of the town tip’.

‘Oh we’re not . . . are we really? You *are* the living end, aren’t you. Is this honestly the best you could do?’

‘Look love – I don’t know if you’re going to come across or not, do I? By all accounts you’re a bird who does, so working on that premise should I have driven straight to a hotel and booked in for a couple of hours? If I had you would have played the little Miss Innocent bit and pretend to be mortally offended. But if on the other hand I’d driven you straight home and tried nothing it would have been a justifiably baffling insult to your obvious charms and you would have had me labelled as a chicken weirdo. Right?’

‘Mmmmmmm. Possibly, I suppose. Yes.’

‘So we must take first things first. Right? We have to try it on. Where then? In the middle of the High Street? Or at a railway station parking meter? Granted your initial susceptibilities would not have been upset – but suppose you turned out to be one of those birds who come on hard and strong at the first whisper of a rustle in the dark? I’m sure you’d be *well* chuffed to have half the Saturday night cinema queue gazing in delighted disbelief through the steamy windows at you with your bottom waving in the air and its knickers slung over the gear stick. So the obvious venue has to be somewhere out of town. As things are, here is the only available spot in this apology for a green belt and it just so happens that it shares its vicinity with the town tip. As such it has the advantage of being dark, secluded, ideally suited to the purpose, frequented only by lovers on the make with no pad, rakes such as me out on an exploratory mission, and in summer the occasional squadron of mosquitoes hovering sixteen to the dozen above the stinging nettles. Cannes by moonlight I can’t provide. Now. You going to get them off or shall we go back to town for a coffee?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘What don’t you know?’

‘Well, I mean – I suppose under the circumstances I have to agree with your logic – but why are you so cold blooded in your approach? Feint heart never won fair lady . . . but this is ridiculous.’

‘Perhaps I’m a realist, doll. You’re a big girl now. We can conveniently gloss over the fact that half the male populace in the area can give you a glowing testimonial, and if you like we can even pretend this is the first time for both of us. But getting down to the nitty gritty of it all you didn’t drive right out here with me for any other reason than to get yourself well and truly laid . . . did you?’

‘That’s as maybe. But whatever the outcome a girl seldom responds to the *blitzkrieg* approach you seem to favour. Do you get much success bullying your conquests into submission this way?’

‘It has been known. Yes.’

‘Well I’m afraid it won’t work with me. A girl likes to experience at least some vestige of romance before considering the deal, y’know. Surely you have *some* sort of soft sell chat up routine you trot out on special occasions, don’t you?’

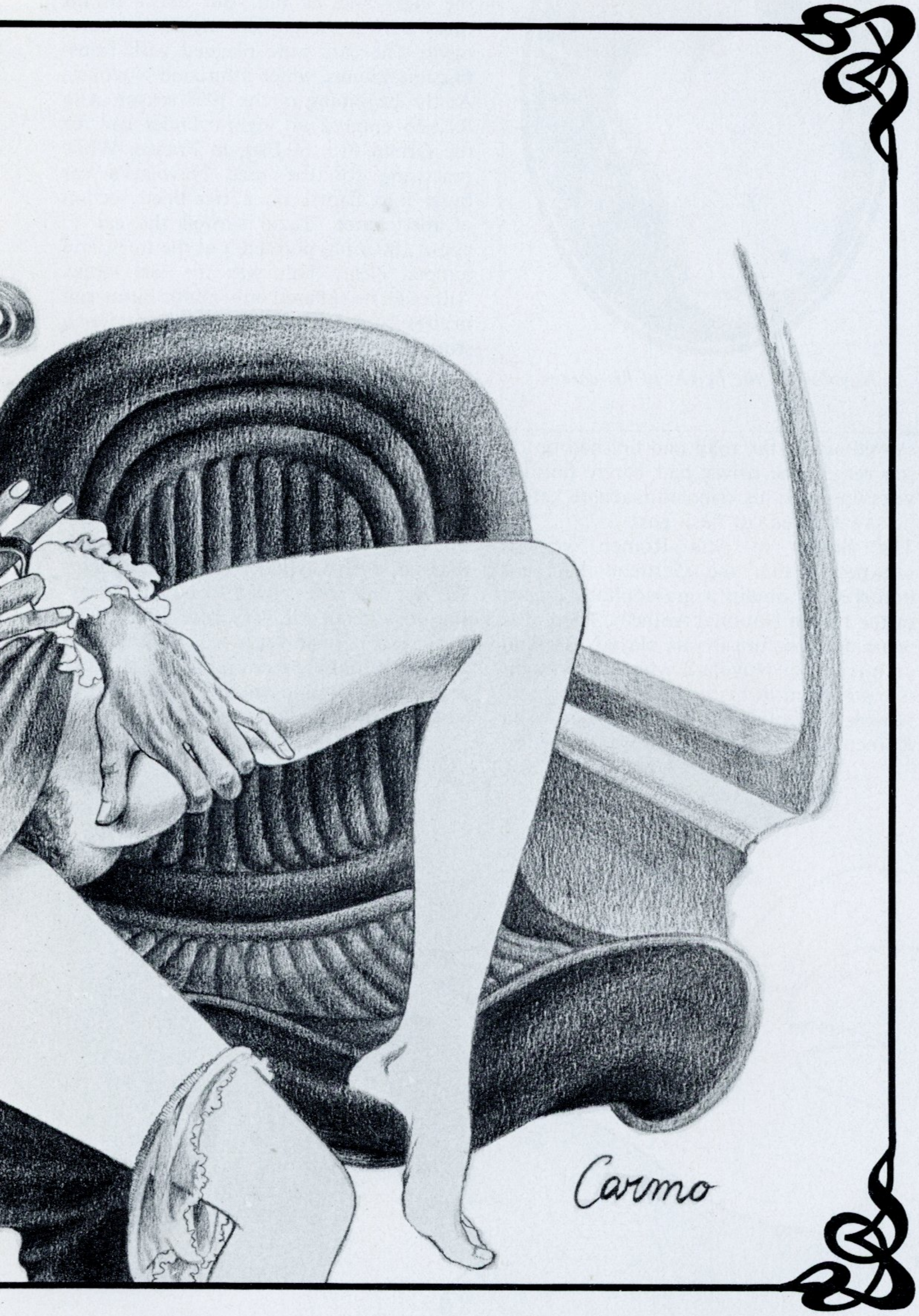
‘Nope. My mouth has too much of a tendency to get like a sewer at times.’

‘Yes, I had noticed that.’

‘I don’t mean from the language that issues forth but from the garbage that’s shoved in. It’s Friday night and I’m smashed. Beer and ’baccy don’t really contribute to

But then, we are getting them off

and again you find you're using a sledgehammer to crack a willing walnut



the harmonious mouthings of sweet nothings into a bird's lug – especially when accompanied by the gases of yesterday's lunch. You've got a great body and look like a real prime mover. Are you?'

'Don't change the subject . . . but yes, on occasions I believe I am meant to be quite nifty.'

'Well then?'

'Well then what?'

'How about it?'

'*Honestly*. You're insufferable. This is the first night I've been out with you and here you are bulldozing me already. Two hours I've known you and you want to be intimate with me. It's indecent.'

'No it's not love. It's what it's all about, isn't it.'

'Honestly, I'm surprised nobody's ever told you your line went out with the Vikings. Don't you ever try a little subterfuge or something once in a while? You'd find the results far more rewarding I'm sure.'

'Look doll – either you want it or you don't. I haven't got a mandolin in the back and I don't see how it could affect the issue if I had.'

'Maybe not, but it would certainly be a step in the right direction.'

'I don't see why. Do all your blokes start off by playing you the mandolin?'

'Oh you're exasperating. Do you really not understand or are you acting heavy just for the hell of it?'

'Understand what?'

'Do you really think that because I've apparently got something of a reputation amongst the yokels I'm just waiting to spread myself across your back seat as soon as you turn off the ignition?'

'That was the general idea. Yes.'

'Well I've got news for you smooth talker. Certainly I like a good thrash periodically and I agree I've had a lot of practice at it. But I do have to have at least a glimmer of a hankering for the guy first. So far your approach has been the equivalent of verbal rape . . .'

'Are you saying you want me to rape you?'

'No I'm not. It's usually your demure cream white little snow maiden who goes for that scene. All I ask is just a *little* finesse. Don't you think you could manage just that? After all, when I agreed to come out with you I quite liked the look of the shape of things to come, y'know. So it's only your boorishness that's put the mockers on things so far. If you must know you've successfully managed to turn me right off.'

'Oh. Sorry then . . . school maam.'

'Well. *Somebody* had to tell you. I'm surprised you've ever got away from first base in the past without getting your face clawed to a pulp. Now why don't you try . . . heh – what do you think you're doing. Now just you stop that. I thought we'd discussed . . . be *careful* . . . you're tearing . . .'

'Sorry doll. You didn't come out here for the view or to discuss methods. In rush jobs of mutual requirement such as ours the means are secondary to the end. Four times I've asked you to get 'em off and for the sake of your conscience or something you've played a stalling game. Now it's my turn. My conscience would not be happy if I didn't take advantage of your offer . . .'

'Wha . . . what offer?'

'Your offer to so readily accompany me to this spot in the woods . . . There . . . They're off. Didn't hurt, did it? Now . . . start clawing my eyes out. Right? According to you that's how every other girl would respond to a brutal approach such as this . . . mmmmmmm . . . *what* a response. You really *are* quite good, aren't you . . .'

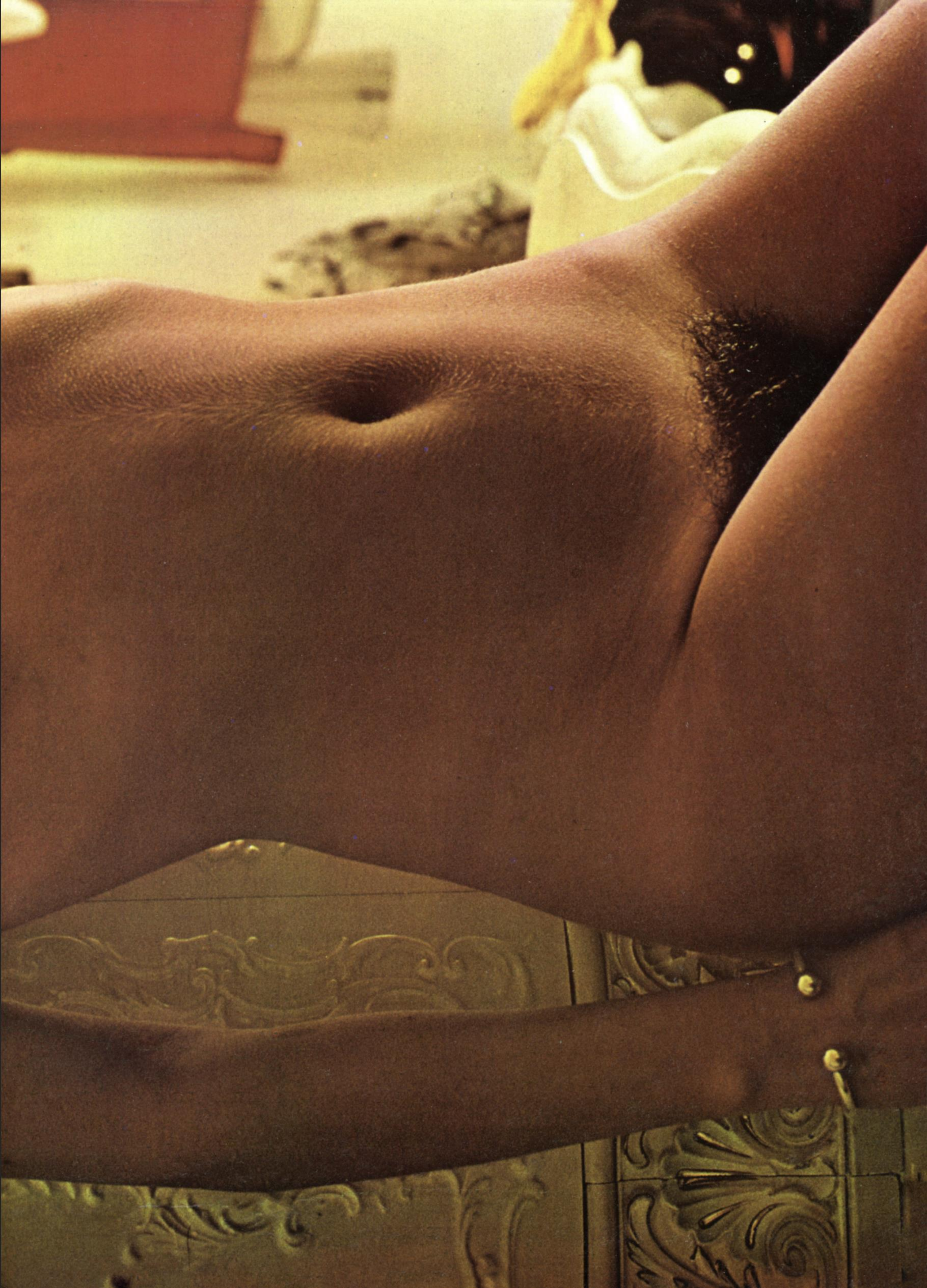
'Oh shut up and get on with it you bastard . . . oh, oh . . . go on then . . . don't stop . . . oh, why on *earth* didn't you do this in the first place instead of spending so much time talking about it . . .?'

ANITA

If you asked Anita Hemmings what her greatest ambition was she is likely to answer: 'Well, for the moment, I look forward to taking the hippocratic oath.' A strange ambition for a 23-year-old girl, you might think, but not really. Anita is studying to

become a doctor and we found her in one of London's medical schools. 'When I was studying A-levels I wondered what I was going to do with my biology, physics and chemistry,' Anita told us 'and as I'm the sort of person who needs a rewarding occupation, I decided to follow my dear old dad and become a doctor.' When studying in London Anita shares a mixed flat with three other students in West Hampstead, but she looks forward to the vacations when she can go back to home cooking and quiet country life with her parents in Scotland. We can't say exactly where because of her father's profession, but it's a small village near Inverness. Anita is a tall (5 feet 7 inches) sexy girl and we asked her if she didn't think her 37–22–36 perusable proportions might raise her patient's blood pressure too much. 'That may be so,' she said with a smile and a I'm pleased you think so glint in her eye, 'but I think these days at least male patients feel more relaxed with a woman doctor, especially on sex matters.' Quite right, Anita, and after all, when you finally become a doctor could anyone resist your request to go over there and undress please.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ANITA HEMMINGS



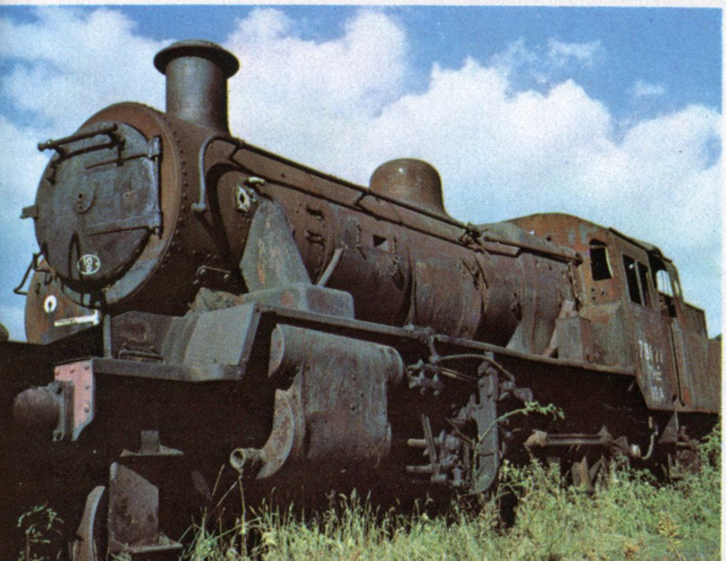
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ANITA HEMMINGS

VALHALLA FOR RUSTY HEROES

In a crammed junkyard on the South Wales coast is the last resting place of some of Britain's most illustrious steam locomotives. It is the graveyard of the steam age. Preservation societies have saved a few, but for the rest, as paintwork gives way to rust they slip inexorably from green to red, losing railway to rubbish dump livery.

Photographed in Barry, Glamorgan, by Michael Hardy. Story by Martin Randall.

The autumnal tints of metal oxides settle on tank engine and passenger express alike at Barry in South Wales, the locomotives' graveyard. Below, one of Bulleid's light Pacifics, No. 34058 of the Battle of Britain Class, the solitary cloud giving a momentary impression of steam up. Bottom, a BR standard Class 2 Mogul No. 78022.

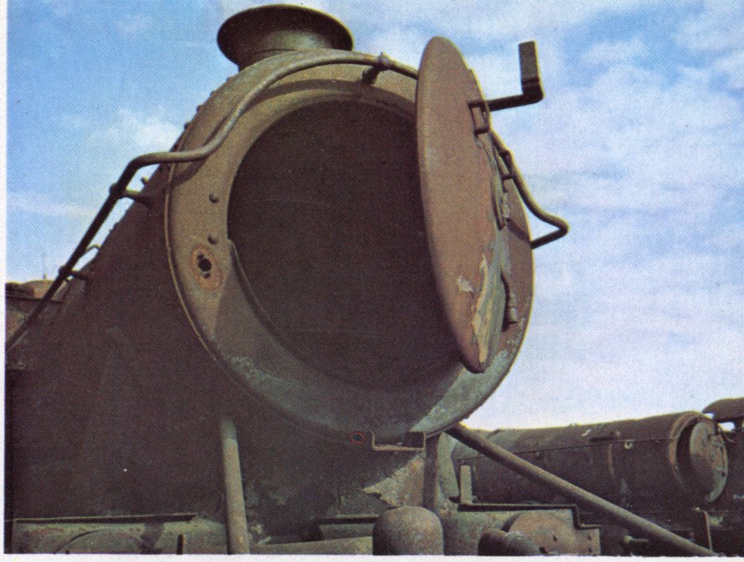


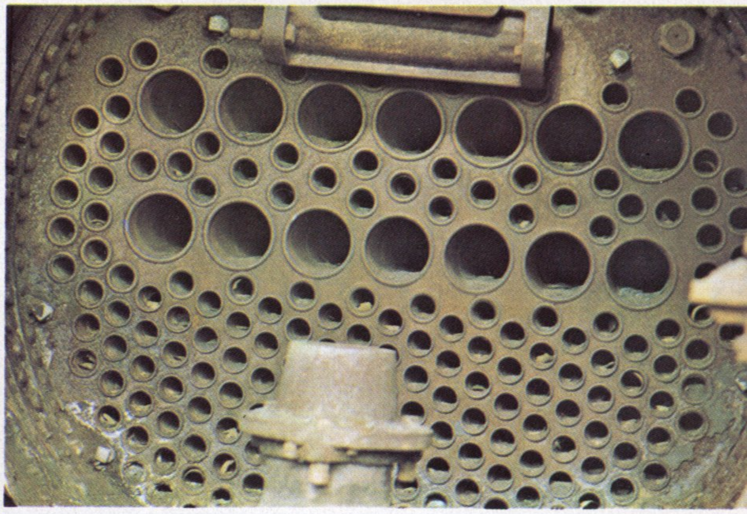
Hurrying clouds silently carry their shadows across the dockland waste. A siren sounds from a distant ship, and the rumble of an occasional lorry reaches into the weed green sidings. Row upon row upon row of locomotives stand there slowly rotting.

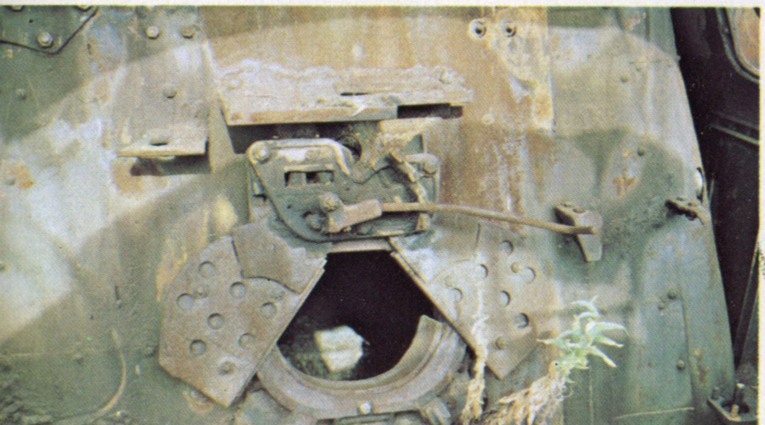
The scene is at Barry in South Wales, the last and greatest graveyard of the steam age, and the resting place of dozens of the monsters that dominated the main lines of Britain until a decade ago.

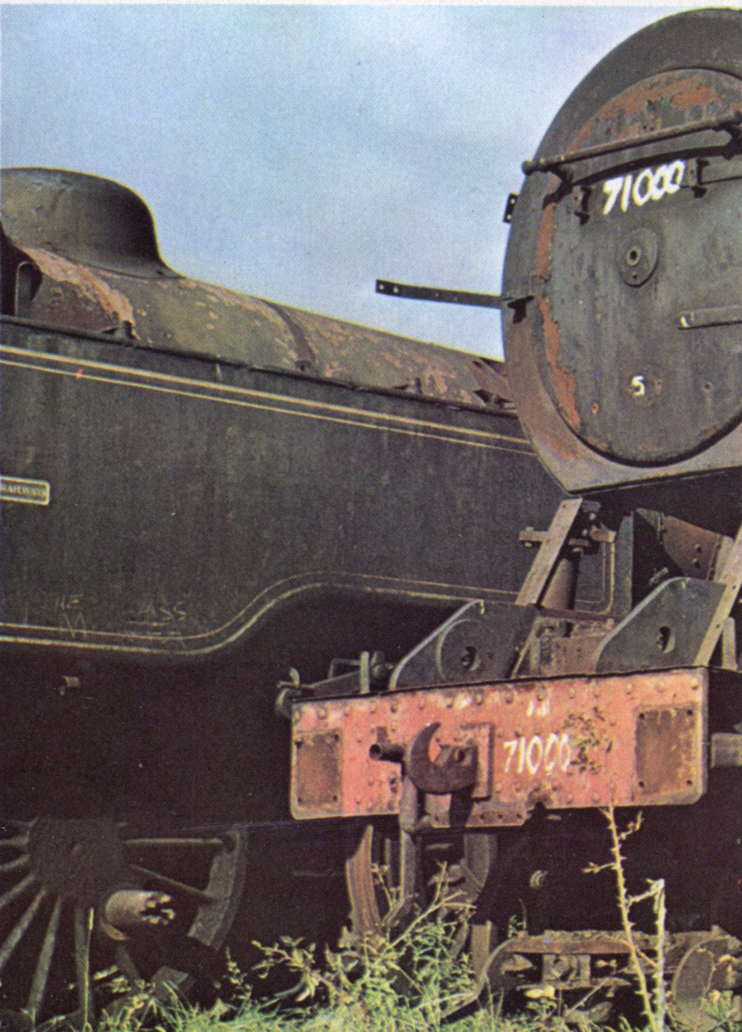
Barry is unique. About two hundred engines lie crowded together by the docks, waiting for the breaker's torch. Some have been there for nine or ten years, and all for at least five, since the end of regular standard gauge steam operations on British Railways in 1968. At other scrapyards the steam locomotives were dealt with swiftly, but comparatively few have been cut up by Woodham Bros, the scrap dealers at Barry.

They have preferred to let their acquisitions rust and to concentrate on breaking up railway wagons. For some time the firm has had a contract









with British Railways for the disposal of wagons and it seems that this has kept them fully occupied. For railway enthusiasts this state of affairs has been nothing short of miraculous. Locomotives that were given up for lost have lingered on, and recently a number have been purchased for preservation. This movement has, so to speak, built up a head of steam, and the list of likely candidates for restoration has been steadily growing.

Woodhams have, and have had some locomotives worthy of such attention. Two of the Great Western Railway's famous 'Castle' class 4—6—0's have been rescued, as have four of that railway's 'Hall' class mixed traffic engines.

Other examples of both breeds remain in the yard. One of the 'King' class, the GWR's crack express locomotive design, is now the subject of a preservation appeal.

Rebuilt and unrebuilt versions of Bulleid's light Pacifics, the mainstay of Southern main lines in the years after the last war, have been bought by enthusiasts. An assortment of

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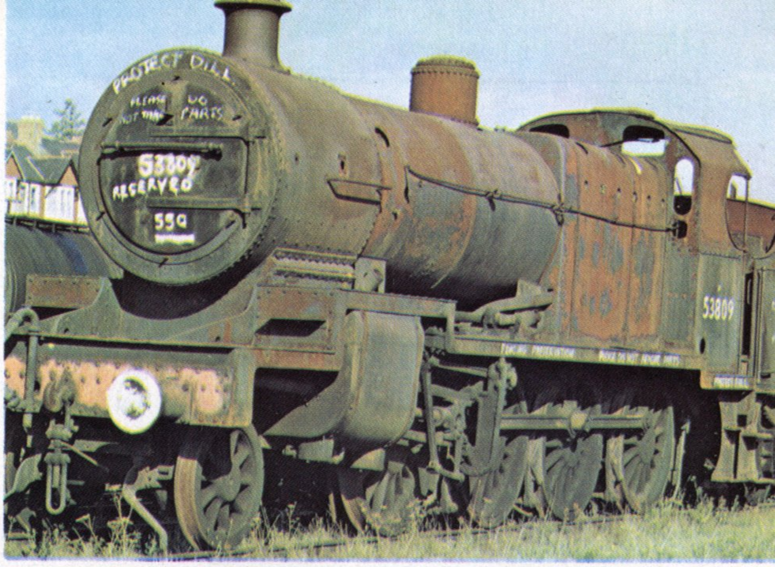
Symbolic of the Barry graveyard (far left), rust eats into the British Rail insignia, while (left) the rain can slant into the open door of the smokebox. Right, is 2–8–0 No. 53809 from the Somerset and Dorset line. A sister locomotive to this has gone back to Somerset for restoration. Middle pictures, left to right, typify desolation and decay that has brought down once proud engines. Suitably, a spider's web now joins buffer to coupling; the wind alone whistles through the exposed boiler tubes; corrosion eats fast into a Great Western chimney; the boiler lagging spills out as the plates fall away; rust coats the cab of 92219, British Rail's last but one steam engine ever built; from green to red as corrosion captures a GWR Prairie tank loco. Below left, abandoned smoke box; below right, hulk of the disembowelled Duke of Gloucester.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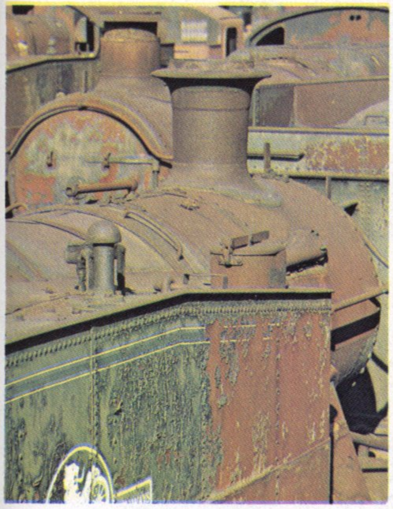
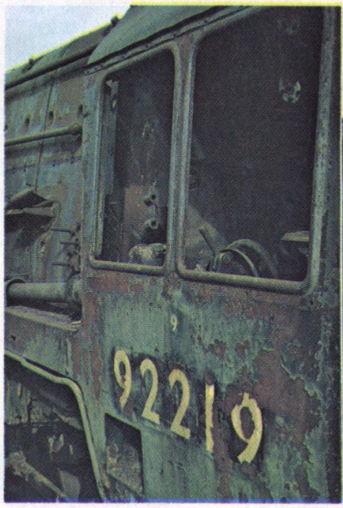
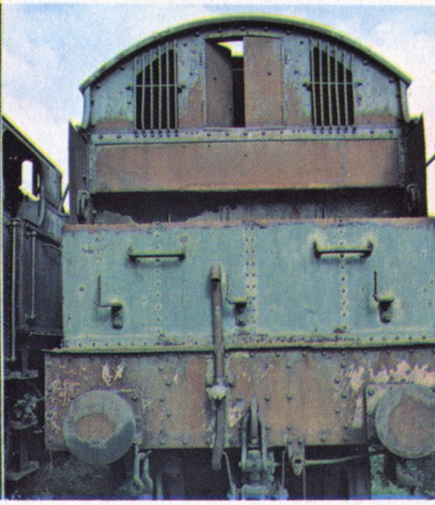
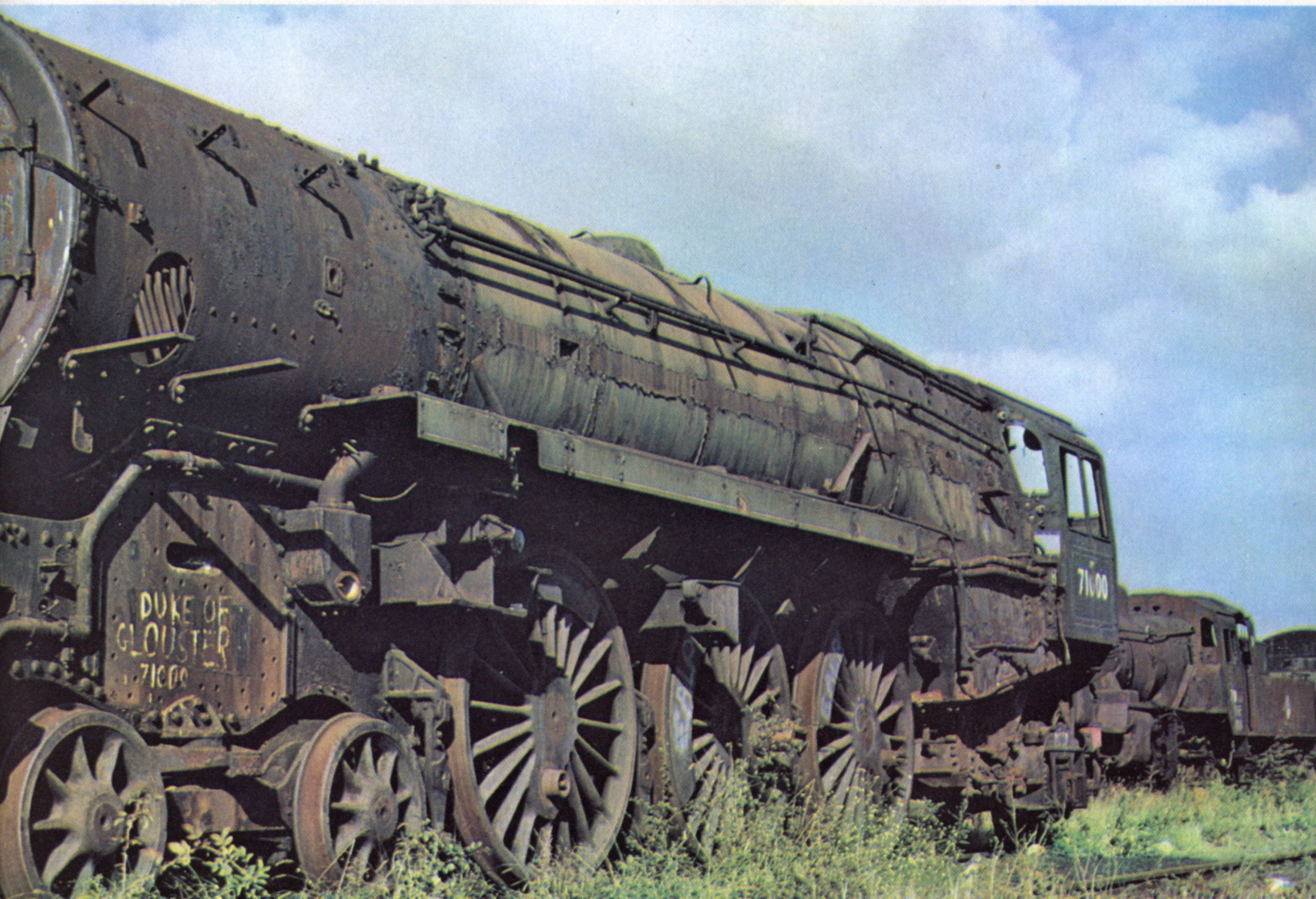
PLEASE DO NOT TAKE PARTS
53809
RESERVED
559
53809








DUKE OF
GLOUSTER
71000
71000

VALHALLA FOR RUSTY HEROES

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Bulleid Pacifics remain at Barry, in the company of a number of other Southern types.

The most notable of the former London, Midland & Scottish locomotives so far retrieved are the 'Jubilee' class 4—6—0 No. 45690 'Leander', now being overhauled at considerable expense at Derby, and 2—8—0 No. 53808 from the Somerset and Dorset line. This quaint machine has been returned to its old haunts at Radstock, Somerset, for restoration. Once again, similar engines are still at Barry.

At the back of the yard lies the hulk of No. 71000 'Duke of Gloucester', built in 1954 as British Rail's last Pacific locomotive. Its working life was brief and not very glorious. Indeed, it worked so little that railwaymen called it 'The Idle Duke'. It is idle now, its cylinders and pistons stripped away and removed to the museum.

Nearby is a more successful relic, No. 92219, an enormous 9F 2–10–0 heavy freight locomotive built at Swindon as late as 1960, and British Rail's penultimate steam engine. Within a few years of its completion it was declared redundant and already it has spent half its time in the scrapyard!

In contrast its sister, No. 92220, fared better. As the last of them all it was named 'Evening Star', and after a short and well publicised career it was put into store for official preservation.

The fate of these magnificent 9F 2–10–0's is an indication of the speed with which steam was removed from Britain's railways. As a result of a modernisation plan published in 1955 it became policy to replace steam with diesel and electric traction. In the Beeching era of the early 1960's the process was accelerated. Area by area, steam was eliminated, and in the diminishing number of steam strongholds maintenance was reduced to a minimum.

In consequence many locomotives stopped working when they needed repairs, and when they were worn but not life expired. Pathetic trains of withdrawn engines moved across the country to the scrapyards in Wales, the Midlands and the North. It is even said that when the crew of one such train reached Barry they were told to drop the fire in their own locomotive and leave it with the rest!

The decline was wretched and remorseless: a steam locomotive fleet of about 17,000 was wiped out in about seventeen years.

Buying an engine from Barry is an interesting and rather mysterious business. Woodham Bros understandably prefer to keep their cards close to their chest, and do not say much about how the price is determined. However, it is clearly related to the size of the locomotive, the quantities of the different metals it contains, and the current scrap metal prices.

At first British Rail made it a condition of sale to a scrap dealer that a locomotive could not be re-sold for further use or restoration in any circumstances. Eventually they were persuaded to release this provision in certain cases, although the dealer then had to put a surcharge of several hundred pounds on each sale – presumably as a premium for the release.

Now the surcharge has apparently been dropped altogether, but as scrap prices have been rising steadily in the meantime a purchase has got no cheaper.

Today a large express engine is likely to cost at least £4,000, whilst one of the bigger tank locomotives may cost about £3,000.

Tank locomotives of numerous designs are represented at Barry and they are popular with preservationists. Tank engines are generally more economic to operate, they do not require to be turned round, their shorter wheelbase is an asset on sinuous branch routes and usually they have a lighter weight on each axle.

Inevitably few individuals can afford to buy a locomotive, let alone meet the cost of restoring and maintaining it. Hence most of the acquisitions have been by societies formed either for the purpose of obtaining a particular engine or for the running of a private branch line to recreate a little of the flavour of the age of steam.

Paradoxically, the atmosphere can never quite be recaptured: the private railways are so dependent on tourist traffic that the quiet ways of the rural branch have gone for good. Commercialism has crept in, and some of the private lines are becoming substantial undertakings.

The Dart Valley Railway in Devon operates over two routes: in the summer between Totnes and Buckfastleigh, and throughout the year between Paignton and Kingswear.

The Severn Valley Railway is at present running trains over four miles of track at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, although in three or four years it hopes to be operating over a sixteen mile route from Bridgnorth to Kidderminster.

In Yorkshire the five mile Keighley and Worth Valley Railway is so busy it has had to increase its track capacity, whilst the North Yorkshire Moors Railway hopes to run trains in 1973 between Grosmont and Goathland preparatory to restoring services over eighteen miles of line from Grosmont to Pickering.

Despite the demise of British Railways' steam, enthusiasm has never been higher. Preser-

Known as 'Mogul' this 2-6-0 mixed traffic locomotive was the pride o vation schemes are still on the increase, and many of them are succeeding. Remembering the feverish energy with which railways were promoted in the middle of the nineteenth century the present mood can well be called the second railway mania. But the love of steam seems to run so deep in the British that there is no sign yet that the movement will wane. Nevertheless no one should suppose that acquiring a locomotive (or a railway) is cheap or easy: rather it is a licence to spend money.

The task of moving an engine from Barry is daunting in itself. Most of the machines in the scrapyard have not turned a wheel in years, and have corroded so badly that movement by rail is impractical. British Rail is not always willing to move its old servants, and their charges are frequently high. Despite these difficulties, a few locomotives have left by rail. When this has been arranged extensive preparations have been necessary. The Great Western type 4–6–0 No. 7827 'Lydham Manor', for example, had to be jacked up for attention to all its axleboxes and motion before it was ready to leave for the Dart Valley Railway.

The alternative is road haulage, although this also has its problems. Not many haulage firms can cope with up to a hundred tons of steam locomotive, and the work has become a speciality for a few. Road transport may take several days over a long distance, and it too is expensive. For instance a Bulleid Pacific was recently conveyed from Barry to Keighley at a reported cost of £2,000.

The bills really start to come in when the restoration work gets under way. Almost all the engines at Barry were in need of major overhaul when they were taken out of service. Exposed to sea air in the scrapyard the deterioration has been progressive, and buyers face all the costs of repairing cylinders, valves, axleboxes and motion, and of replacing pipework and cab fittings. Locomotive boilers and fireboxes are especially vulnerable to the weather, and very few private owners or societies could afford to replace them. Regulations to ensure the safety of boilers are strict, and there can be no half measures. Railway preservation people require a great deal of practical competence as well as cash, and the extent of their present success is a tribute to their effort and abilities.

Any locomotive rescued from Barry that returns to work has come a long way. So far only a handful have moved again under their own steam, but more will do so. For the majority there is little prospect of resurrection: they will remain dead and derelict under the clouds.

Perhaps most poignant of all is locomotive No. 61264, a B1 Class 4–6–0, and the only representative of the old London and North Eastern Railway at Barry. Only one other engine of the class survives, at Carnforth in Lancashire, and it is resplendent in the L & N.E.R. apple green livery and carries the name 'Mayflower'. The contrast is extreme No. 61264 stands black and rusting in the sidings at Barry, its boiler worn out and fittings missing, already apparently beyond repair. Sparrows fuss through the driver's cab and weeds grow up round the paint flaked wheels. One day, perhaps quite soon, the breakers will be ready for the cremation. For the time being she is another corpse in the great graveyard of steam.

e former Southern Railway Company. Now, with its valve gear and connecting rods removed, it appears unlikely ever to raise steam again

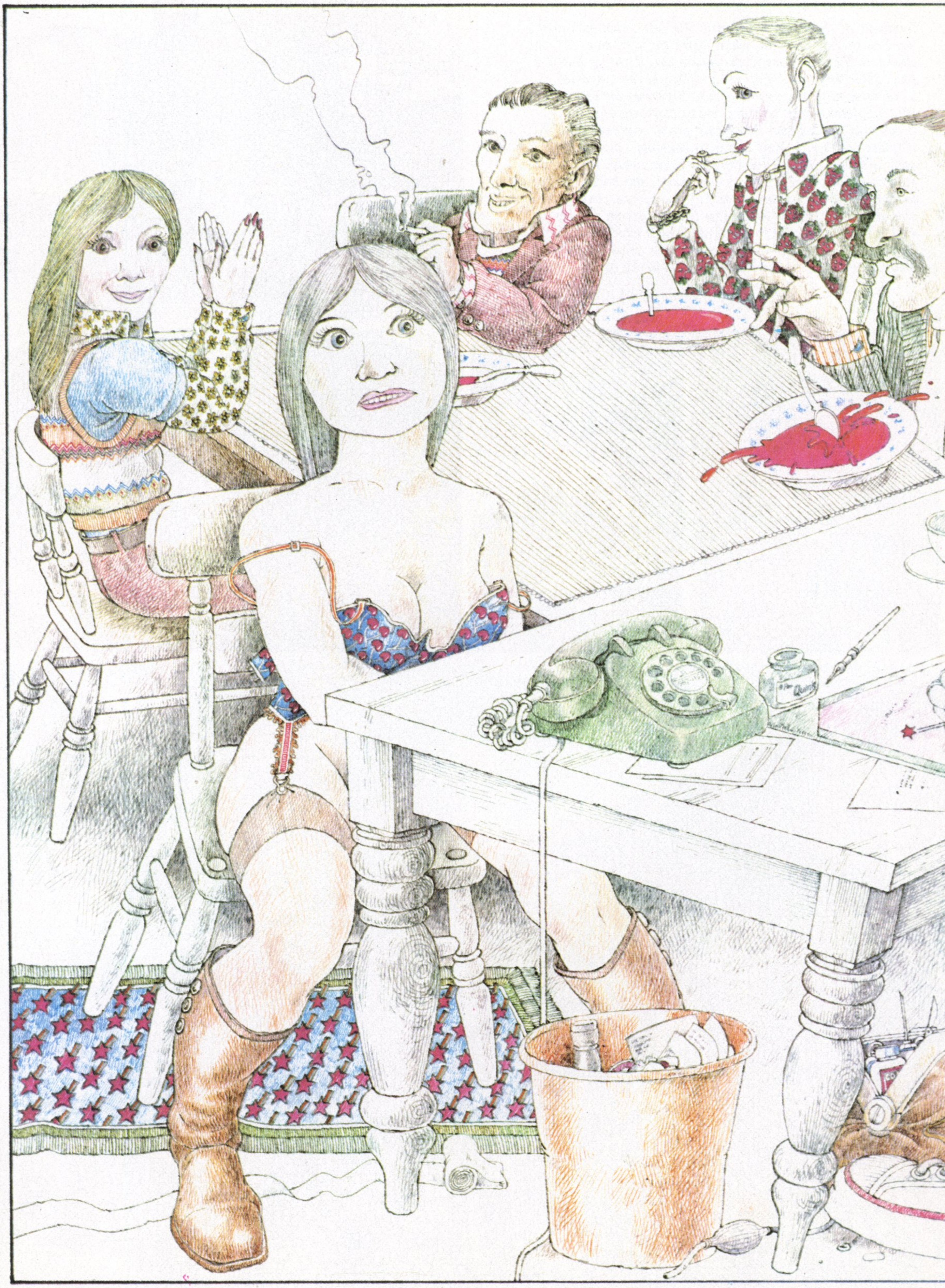
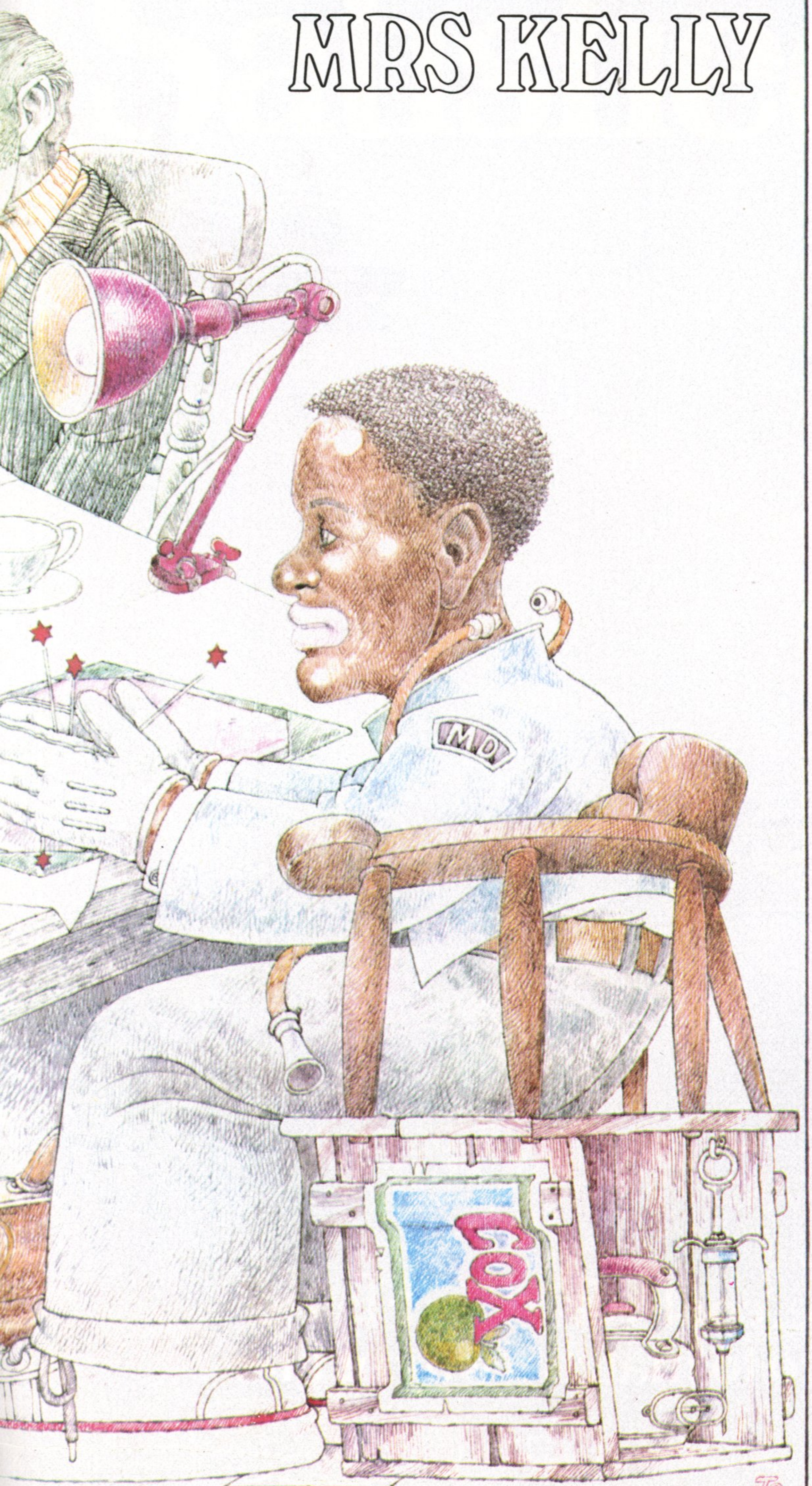


ILLUSTRATION BY JO WRIGHT

THE NOTORIOUS MRS KELLY



The people who lived in Avenue Road just didn't catch Very Disgusting diseases. So Barbara's news was going to be a big shock for the family

Fiction by Jack Trevor Story

'What are your parents really like?' asked the young man on the twenty-seventh date. Anna told him again: 'They play bridge, they dress for dinner and the theatre once a month, they listen to Samuel Beckett plays on the 3rd – that is to say Radio 3.' Said Yolly: 'In other words, they're phonies.'

'To be perfectly honest I'm not sure,' Anna told him, quite frankly – since after all they were only her parents. 'I mean they really enjoy it all.'

Yolly said, gloomily: 'And that's the worst kind of phoney. Genuine phonies.'

She held his hand. 'I'm sure they'll love you, Yolly. Once I can slot you in.'

As a family the Fry's were about as close as cacti in a desert. If you had a problem you went to Beachy Head. Or took a taxi to some unknown native doctor, as Mrs Fry had done, giving a false name.

'I am sorry to have to tell you this, Mrs Kelly, but you have gonorrhoea.'

Barbara gave her well-known Yogi-bear blink. 'But I always thought that was a venereal disease?' She was right. 'But I always thought you could only catch that by going with somebody – you know – sexually?'

Perhaps she should have gone to an older doctor. These young blacks only knew what they were told. On the other hand she couldn't go to Phillip's doctor. They played bridge with Phillip's doctor.

'I don't think you quite understand, doctor. I'm a married woman. I'm not, well, friendly, with anyone but Phillip.'

'Then you had better ask your husband to come and see me, Mrs Kelly.'

'You can't tell Phil! He's terribly strict. He turns off television. Well, anything realistic. He's partly Belgian, you see. He's just put a pelmet round the lavatory cistern.'

The young doctor said: 'If you haven't picked it up somewhere else, then your husband has.'

She could have slapped his face. He sat back in his chair to avoid this, then gave it to her straight: 'I'm sorry, but facts are facts.'

In the Fry family, the last thing facts were, was facts.

They had one queer son, Peregrine, always euphemistically referred to as a ladies' hairdresser.

'The possibility is,' continued the young black doctor, you're both clapped up.'

'I don't know what it means,' said Barbara,

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THE NOTORIOUS MRS KELLY

continued from page 57

'but I can't accept it. I want a second opinion. I'd like to get dressed now.'

The young black doctor never could work out why they got undressed. He gave it a moment's thought after she'd gone, wondered if perhaps she was his bank manager's wife; why she had given him a false name.

'Can I bring Yolly in tonight?' asked Anna.

'No, you can't,' she replied to herself as her mother was attacking something on the chopping board as if it were an enemy.

'Who's Yolly?' Barbara asked, letting the last bit of carrot fly across the kitchen.

Anna told her all about Yolly again. They'd soon be having their silver anniversary and he hadn't met any of the family yet. 'It's starting to sound really Gothic, all these excuses to keep him away from Avenue Road. He thinks you're lepers or something.'

Barbara blinked again. A most unfortunate exaggeration under the circumstances. Gonorrhoea in Avenue Road was worse than leprosy, especially amongst middle-aged parents. Two heads would have been more acceptable. *'I'm afraid you have another head growing from your left ear, Mrs Kelly.'*

'Are you avoiding the question, Mummy. Or just talking to yourself?'

'I am preparing a salad, Anna.' That's another thing you do in a disconnected family is prepare salads. And, when bored, Barbara counted things – radishes, washing up, laundry, hair-rollers, lamp-posts, years . . . 'Bring him another night, darling. Tonight I've got something very serious to discuss with your father.'

'Who – Phillip?' asked Anna. You couldn't talk to Phillip Fry except on the telephone. If you were face to face with him he did this thing of cupping his right ear with his hand and talking into his sleeve. You watch any advertising space salesman conducting a conversation with his family. 'Hello, there . . .'

Anna said: 'Funnily enough, Daddy has something very serious to discuss with you.'

'Oh God,' thought Barbara, 'and Jesus Christ. Did that mean the diagnosis was right? That Phillip had also consulted a young wog doctor in a little-used part of town? *"Ask your wife to come in and see me, Mr Kelly . . ."* '

'What's so important? What's happened? Stop chopping up carrots, Mummy! It looks so symbolic!'

Barbara started on the onions, which are always good for disguising emotion. She was going to have to watch it. Both the kids were very strait-laced. Well, as far as she knew, which was not very far. She didn't quite know what Anna did with Yolly but certainly Peregrine had got rid of his rabbits as soon as he reached puberty.

'Can I make my mayonnaise?' Anna was asking.

'You can make whatever it is you make.' The problem was immense. She hadn't been with anyone else and Phillip's most intimate relationships were conducted on the phone. Could you get VD on the phone? Young people knew more about these things. She was going to need help and it needed great delicacy and tact. She said: 'Do you think your father has sexual intercourse with other women?'

'Don't ask me questions when I'm adjusting the gas. I don't know. How the devil should I know?'

If Anna didn't know anything then Peregrine wouldn't know. 'What's this boy-friend of yours really like?'

Anna, who had adjusted the North Sea gas to a barely finite level, now put it out. 'Damn. Now you ask me. I'm surprised you know he's a boy and not a girl. We have some very strange tendencies in this family. Yolly is young and handsome underneath it all – you know, the hair and stuff. And he's very philosophical.'

'Make enough mayonnaise for Yolly,' Barbara said, reaching a decision.

'Daddy, this is Yolly, this is Mummy, this is my mayonnaise.'

'Good evening, Mr Fry,' said Yolly.

'We'll wait for Peregrine,' said Barbara Fry.

'Peregrine won't be coming tonight,' her husband told her, holding his ear.

'But it's his laundry night,' she reminded him. Phillip Fry said: 'Not any more I don't think Peregrine should expect you to do his laundry. It's time we told him. I wanted a serious discussion. I thought we'd be alone.' And he hung up on the subject by simply putting his receiver hand back on the arm of his chair.

'You see?' Anna said, to her mother. 'It's not another woman at all.'

Yolly said: 'Would you rather I came another night?'

Anna pushed him onto the settee. 'Of course they would. Quickly, tell them I'm pregnant, then at least you can stay to dinner.'

Barbara said: 'But I like doing his washing. It's all I've got left of him.' Then she said: 'Besides, I've got VD. I want him here.'

Phillip Fry peered at his wife and daughter and the strange young man, hoping they would disappear.

'I say, is that right?' Yolly asked, brightly. It was the first bit of conversation that rang normal bells with him and he became animated. 'Have you caught a dose, Mrs F? That's jolly rotten luck.'

'Don't be silly,' Anna said. 'She's just trying to attract attention to herself. How would Mummy catch VD except from Daddy? And how would *Daddy* catch VD?'

Phillip Fry's soup spoon crashed into the bowl and red polka dots appeared like measles in a Marx Brothers' film all over Barbara's face. She wanted to remove them but felt that they were oddly appropriate until the subject had been properly aired.

Before this happened Peregrine came in with his hairdressing partner Kenneth.

'I told you not to come,' his father said, swerving his frustrations to something more important than dirty talk. 'Correction, Daddy,' said Peregrine. 'You told me not to bring my smalls. Well don't worry – Kenneth is doing them for me. Phew, it's ever so warm in here.'

Peregrine was holding a poodle under his arm. Peregrine was dressed in green flared trousers and a contrasting green high-necked woollen jumper. Sharing a secret communion of opinion, Yolly went cross-eyed at Anna who blamed it all on God. Kenneth kissed everybody including Mr Fry and then said to Barbara: 'And what were we doing at that doctor's this afternoon?'

Everybody looked at Mummy. To her daughter, suddenly the day became clear, spots and all. 'You're preggers, Mummy! We're going to have a belated little stranger!'

'Is this true, Barbara?' Phillip Fry asked, in justified surprise.

'Don't tell them, darling,' Peregrine told

his mother. To the others he said: 'It's female, private, and personal. If you must know, *I* sent her.' And to Barbara: 'That doctor's ever so good, isn't he? He injected my piles. That's how I met him. Oh, and he gives Kenneth his drops – doesn't that sound awful!' Then, hungrily: 'Mmm! Something smells nice . . .' As he sat down to eat he pressed his mother's arm and gave her a confidential, womanly smile: 'What did he say, dear?'

'I've got VD,' Barbara told her family again. Suddenly it didn't seem any worse than having a son like Peregrine.

'Gonorrhoea, in fact,' she added, as though to give it a little status.

Phillip said: 'Must we have that dog at the table?'

There was a moment during the war that Barbara remembered when the engine of a doodle-bug bomb cut out directly over a Lyons' tea shop in Sloane Square. Nobody moved, but nobody ate.

'The doctor wants to talk to you about it, Phillip,' she said.

Phillip Fry went on the phone and came off, tried to make them vanish and failed, then finally said: 'Did you say VD, dear?'

'Yes. V for very, D for disgusting. Venereal disease.'

Anna said: 'I'll put the dog in the kitchen.'

'No no,' Peregrine said. 'He's all right, he doesn't understand yet.' To Yolly, as a long-banned outsider, the subject seemed surprisingly human. 'Soon get rid of it, Mrs Fry. Trot along to the clinic – have to lay off the booze for a bit . . .'

'Yolly . . .' said his young mistress.

Peregrine unaccountably turned to the visitor and shook his hand. 'And where did you two meet?'

Phillip Fry said: 'Why didn't you go to Dick Yates? He's your doctor.'

'He's Avenue Road's doctor,' Barbara said. And although no-one had questioned it, she said: 'I'm not angry. If you've been having affairs, Phillip, it's your business. Giving me VD is my business. Who was it?'

'There's been nobody else but you, Barbara.'

'I don't believe you,' said Barbara.

Phillip said: 'And I don't believe you. I want a divorce.'

Peregrine said: 'Oo, we *are* cross!' He started eating.

The great mistake Mrs Barbara Fry made was in wearing a leopard fur coat in front of a judge who was a prominent member of the Wildlife Trust Fund. The evidence was relatively immaterial.

'And did your wife come to you and confess that she had contracted venereal disease?'

'She did, yes.'

'Was this in the presence of witnesses?'

'It was, yes.'

'Were you shocked and horrified by the nature of her – ahem – illness?'

'I was, yes.'

'And did your wife suggest that she had contracted venereal disease from you?'

'Yes, she did.'

'And did you subsequently visit a doctor and have certain tests made?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And what were the results of those tests?'

'Negative, sir.'

'In other words, she had VD and you did not.'

'That's right, sir, yes.'

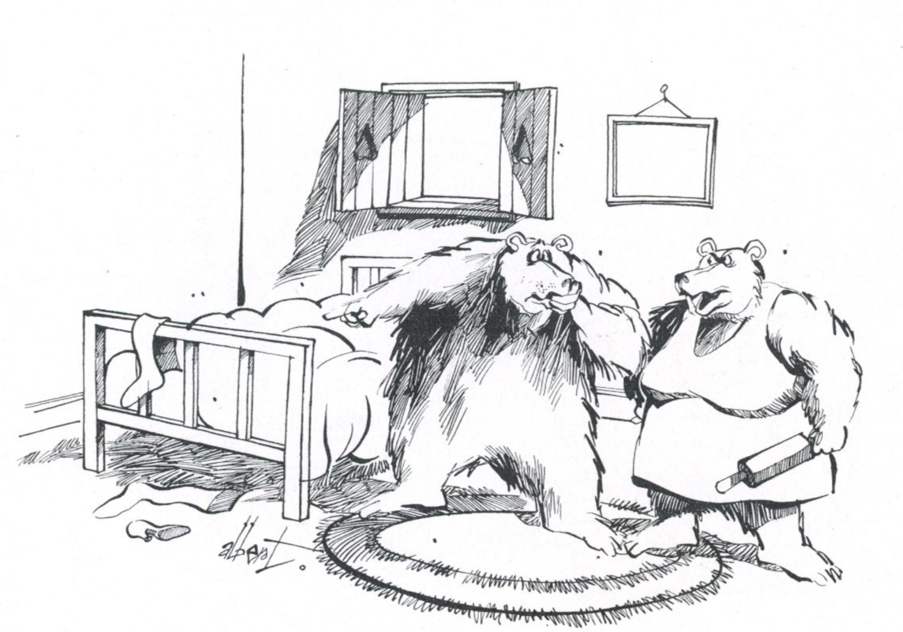
It was a full court following unusual public interest and a good deal of wet weather.

'How do you explain your immunity?'

'We had not made love for two months. Not since my pneumonia. Barbara must have picked it up during that time.'

'Was your wife in the habit of "picking things up" Mr Fry?'

'I don't know, sir. It came as a surprise. She went to a different doctor and gave a false name. Mrs Kelly.'



'How come it's always your bed someone's been sleeping in?'

'Did you get the impression that your wife was leading a double life?'

'I did, sir, yes. The doctor was black, for one thing. He had a mangle in his consulting room. He criticized our married life. Very impertinent. He said that my wife was frustrated. She undressed to have a urine test and then she undressed to hear the result. That was while she was Mrs Kelly, of course.'

Phillip made a good witness. When he wasn't cupping his ear and talking into his cuff, giving the endearing impression of old-age, he was dialling telephone numbers in the dust of the witness stand ledge, as if totally bereft and broken if not actually insane.

'Now I want you to answer this with utter frankness, Mr Fry. Have you ever had sexual relations with a woman not your wife?'

'No, sir, never ever . . .'

As you know, no drinking, advertising man can make such a statement with any degree of accuracy. Phillip Fry, who had spent twenty years helping to create the cloud-cuckoo land of consumer goods advertising, had a special gift for making reality disappear. One of these realities was the girl who came into his office to clean his telephone some months after his family had successfully broken up.

'Good morning!' she sang. This rang no bells for Phillip. 'Shall I give your equipment a little rub up?' This rang bells. Christmas, was it? Or Easter? Or somebody's leaving party? He seemed to remember a bottle of Pernod in the goods-lift with an 'out of order' sign on the doors to keep out intruders. This didn't sound like him. He was very slow at making overtures.

'It's all right. Don't move. I can manage . . .'

Good grief. It all came rising up again as she slid between him and the desk. 'You look ever so sad,' she said.

Well, he was sad. Everybody appeared to have come out of the divorce in good shape except himself. 'Mrs Kelly' was now a flourishing boutique in Market Street, run by Peregrine, Barbara and Kenneth. Anna and Yolly were living somewhere on the borders of sin and domesticity. Only Phillip had landed in the lonely desert of middle-age. Still, it wasn't too late to ring Barbara now and make a full confession and apology. Salvage something of what they had had.

'Wait a minute. Let me get rid of all the nasty germs. 'scuse my legs . . .'

But what had they had in Avenue Road? Nothing quite like this. 'So what are you doing tonight?' he asked her.

'What about your wife?'

'Oh, that's all finished and done with. She let me down rather badly in fact . . .'

After a time, without much difficulty, he came to believe this. You'll find him in the Coach and Horses, or sometimes in a drinking club in Rupert Street talking to that chap who forges Equity cards for aspiring actress dollies.

Oh, it's a true story, of course. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A rich sheikh lay dying and sent for his court magician.
'I have three lovely daughters,' he said. 'When I die I want you to grant each of them one wish.'
Soon after the old sheikh passed away and the magician sent for the three daughters to ask them what they most desired.
The first asked for true and lasting beauty and after going into his spell casting trance the magician told her her wish was granted.
The second asked for part of her father's kingdom and this was also granted.
The third said she wanted to become another person.
'Who do you want to be?' asked the magician.
'Sarah Pipiline,' she replied.
The magician was baffled by this and after days of consulting his books he went back to the girl and asked her exactly what she meant.
The girl produced the front page of a newspaper that carried the headline:
'Sahara pipeline laid by 100 men in four weeks.'

A timid man was standing quietly drinking in a pub when a burly chap marched up to him and demanded:
'Have you been making love to my wife?'
'No, not me,' the timid man replied.
'Well, you ought to. She's better than yours.'

A schoolgirl had spent her holidays with her boyfriend in a Mediterranean resort. When she returned home and went back to school her friend saw her stripping for gym.
'What a tan,' she said. 'You're brown all over. Whatever have you been doing?'
'Everything under the sun,' said the girl.

George, a young executive attending a four day sales conference at a luxury hotel, was dining with one of the few young ladies present.
He asked her:
'Will you have breakfast with me in the morning?'
'Oh, yes,' she said. 'If I get up in time.'
He replied:
'Shall I ring or nudge?'

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A little boy was walking along the promenade of a seaside town when he dropped some ice cream over the edge. It landed on the stomach of a girl sunbathing on the beach below.
'Good God,' she said as she wiped it off with her towel. 'That seagull must have flown in from the Arctic.'

A young miner was being transferred to another mine. When he arrived at the pit head to report for work he soon realised from the dilapidated state of the buildings around him that the pit had fallen on hard times. Anyway, he asked to be shown to the cage that would take him underground.
'I'm afraid there is no cage. This is poverty pit,' he was told. 'You'll have to use the rope ladder.'
At the bottom of the ladder he asked to be shown to the train that would take him to the working seams.
'I'm afraid there's no train – you'll have to crawl the four miles on your hands and knees.'
Finally, ragged, sore and bleeding, he got to the seam and asked for his power tool.
'Sorry, mate,' he was told. 'We haven't got any. You'll have to use an old pick.'
The young miner got on with the job but was soon driven to distraction by a bat that kept swooping up and down beside him.
Finally, he felled the troublesome thing with a mighty blow from his pick handle.
Just as he turned back to get on with his work, an almighty cry went up:
'Everybody out. The new boy's just killed our bloody fan!'

A nuclear submarine returned to base after a six month voyage under the polar ice. At the depot the submarine's captain found a party of WRNS awaiting assignment to other bases. He warned the WRNS commander that his men hadn't seen a woman for months.
'You'd better keep them locked up,' he said, 'if you don't want any trouble.'
'Trouble?' retorted the WRNS commander. 'There'll be no trouble. My girls have got it up here,' – she tapped her forehead.
'Madam,' came the instant reply. 'It doesn't matter where they've got it, my boys will find it. Lock them up.'

A boy of seven was caught smoking by his young lady teacher. She told him it was wrong to smoke at his age.
'Why?' asked the boy. 'I do everything else.'
'What do you mean?' the teacher inquired.
'Well, I had sex last week,' he explained.
The amazed teacher asked:
'Who was the girl?'
The boy grinned. 'I don't know, I was drunk at the time.'

'Doctor, doctor, my wife just got hit by a golf ball.'
'Where did this happen?'
'Between the first and second holes.'
'Hmm . . . Doesn't leave much room to operate, does it?'

A very hungover couple were having an afternoon breakfast following a wild party in their flat the night before.
'Look, dear,' said the husband. 'I've just got to know. Was it you I made love to in the library last night?'
His wife gave him a cool look and asked:
'About what time?'

There was a young lady from Madras
Who had a magnificent ass,
Not pretty and pink,
As you probably think—
It was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

The draining of

Even a man with the ultimate in bird appeal needs a

My friend Timothy Trevine went on holiday to escape from what most guys go on holiday in search of.

Most of us felt tense and irritable from time to time and blamed it on frustration. But when Tim felt the same way it was because he was suffering from a severe case of screwers' fatique. He got far too much of a good thing.

Tim was one of those fortunate guys who just couldn't miss with a bird. He was blessed with the secret ingredient, worth a million guineas an ounce, that attracted delectable women to him and switched them on at full power.

He once took out a raving beauty who worked for a cosmetics firm. She was a smart chick and tried to analyse why she felt the way she did about a guy who was by no means a world beater when it came to looks. She decided it must be some mysterious and unnoticeable aroma he gave off, something to do with his glands. So she had a word with her boss and the next Tim knew he got a letter in the post offering him £1,000 if he would leave his body to the cosmetics firm.

Tim was sorely tempted to accept the offer but decided to act unenthusiastic about it and see if the price went up. And it was as well that he did because some days later he was talking to the chick afterwards – or, more likely, between – when she told him that her boss had promised her 25 per cent of the profits on products sold when they'd isolated Tim's secret fluid, analysed it and gone into full production with a chemical substitute in their range of men's toiletries. Now the way this chick was talking about it, Tim got the impression that there wasn't much point in him starting to read *War and Peace*. There was something smelly in the cosmetics firm. He had visions of tumbling over cliffs, or being found drowned in the bath, or suddenly discovering that his car brakes wouldn't work. So he went one more round with the chick then told her no deal and threw her out.

That shows what fear can do to a man, because Tim was usually a very courteous guy and never liked to offend an enthusiastic bird by saying no. Anyway, he regarded it as being against his moral code to refuse, which meant he got very tired from time to time.

Then he usually baled out for a while, donned his psychological chastity jock strap and took a holiday somewhere he could feel reasonably confident of avoiding rampant female companionship.

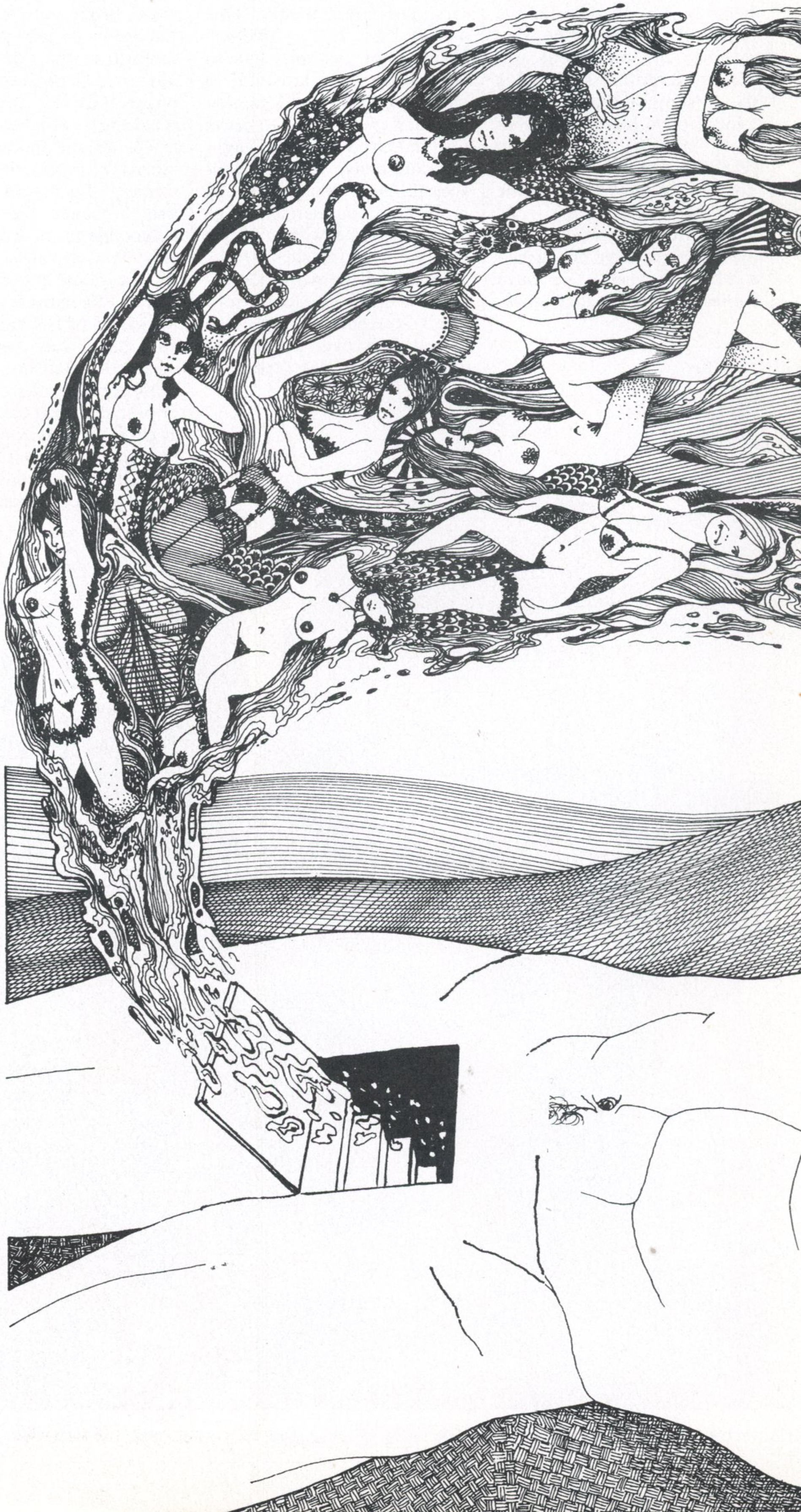
It didn't always work out though. One year he rented a cottage for a fortnight in the Welsh mountains because the advert stressed that the only near neighbours would be sheep.

What the advert didn't say was that his not-so-far-away neighbours were the owner of the cottage, a farmer, and his wife and three nubile daughters.

It was part of the deal, apparently, that these daughters should tidy up the cottage for Tim, do his shopping in the village, make his bed and generally cater for his every need.

They had a well-organised system. One

ILLUSTRATED BY ALUN HOOD



Timothy Trevine

holiday once in a while. Humour by Michael Priestley

tidied up, another did the shopping in the village while the third catered for his every need then made the bed. And the next day they all changed around.

On top of that, the farmer's wife trotted across the fields each evening with a flask of cocoa for Tim. She said she liked him to have something warm to go to bed on.

When Tim told us all of this episode in the pub it was generally considered that if we hadn't known him to be absolutely honest we would have written it off as a new version of a rugby joke.

A year after this incident Tim was at a really low ebb. His stomach had been upset, he was suffering from backache, he got palpitations if he tried to run upstairs and his eyes hurt in bright light.

All this he put up with. But when his capacity for ale began to fall rapidly he really panicked and decided to take medical advice.

His doctor, a bluff Scot who knew all about Tim's amorous activities, listened sympathetically, examined him from top to toe, paused for some time at a point not far below the waist and remarked: 'There's nothing wrong there. But the rest of you is in a dilapidated state. After all, laddie, there's no use having a piston in fine fettle if the battery's flat'. After laughing riotously at his own motoring metaphor, the doc advised Tim to lay off it for a while.

So that was how we all came to be standing in the pub earnestly discussing how Tim could get away from getting it away, when Bernard suggested Worthing.

After the jeers and laughter had died down Bernard, looking deeply hurt, said that the only reason he mentioned it was that his elderly aunt had once been to that famed resort very early in the season, which was about the same time of year as Tim was thinking of taking his break, and claimed she had scarcely seen anyone under pension age.

And we had to admit that it sounded a remarkably good suggestion. So we abandoned our plans for him to make a trip across the Atlantic on a one-man raft or spend a week in solitary confinement at Wormwood Scrubs, and Tim decided that Worthing it would be.

I saw him just before he left for his holiday. He looked slightly less fit than my great uncle Alfred – and my great uncle Alfred had been deceased for seven years.

I saw Tim again just after he returned – and he looked worse than ever. So we went for a drink and after I'd poured a few pints of draught Guinness down him he began to look a healthier shade of yellow and told me his tale of woe.

The hotel had been, at first sight, all that Bernard's aunt had described. Tim arrived late on the first evening and was shown to his room by an ageing and somewhat afflicted porter who had to pause every third step, put down Tim's suitcase, do breathing exercises and massage his back. By the time they reached the first floor Tim was carrying his own suitcase and by the second floor he was carrying the porter. After they had reached the room the old guy muttered 'It's been terrible hard work getting up them steps, sir,' and held out his hand. 'It has indeed,' replied Tim, and shook it.

Buttons had been less than delighted and for the rest of the week cast villainous looks and muttered obscenities in the direction of my wan-looking friend.

Tim strutted breezily down to breakfast the following morning to be confronted by a sea of well-seasoned and expectant faces. As he moved across the room to his single table in the corner he noticed that the people nearest to him shrank away apprehensively as he passed by. And in the days that followed he was aware of being shunned by the elderly guests.

It wasn't until the middle of the week that the barman tipped him off.

It seems that on the night of his arrival one of the female guests had been about to leave her room for a final trip along the corridor just as Tim, with his arms round the gasping porter, was struggling to get them both up the last few stairs.

The following morning she had rushed excitedly into the dining room and told the assembling guests how she had seen 'a young man with lots of hair wrestling with that poor Mr Jenkins'.

So, as none of the guests wanted to tussle for the best of three falls with this brutish newcomer, they decided the best thing to do was ignore him.

It was during that first breakfast that Tim became aware of Bernard's fallibility as a holiday adviser. He was sitting alone, reading his newspaper and waiting for his cornflakes to arrive, when some strong force drew his eyes away from the print towards a pair of feet at the other side of the dining room.

From the feet his eyes followed a pair of legs up, and up, and up, and up, until they came to a pair of pink pants beneath a short black dress.

One of the waitresses was leaning across a rather wide table to pass a glass of fruit juice to a guy at the far side.

And what a waitress! She was, perhaps, nineteen and her long black hair hung free down her back. Her head was held high and slightly stiff, like a Spanish princess, and there was just a hint of arrogance in the curl of her lip.

Oddly enough, when we had been giving our holiday advice, it had occurred to none of us that the hotel staff might not necessarily be the same age as the guests.

Tim put up a feeble tussle against his well-conditioned reflexes before he clicked into gear for a confrontation. She was a fantastic-looking chick. And even better, she looked as if she would be a challenge. Usually the only challenges Tim came across during his sexual encounters were to his stamina.

The waitress, who Tim soon discovered was called Glenda, was in charge of the tables along the far side of the room.

Tim's own waitress was a chatty scrubber called Winifred who told him without any encouragement the most intimate details of the lives of everyone employed at the hotel, including herself.

She informed him that most of the girls who came to work for the summer season would drop their drawers for the price of a packet of crisps.

But as far as she was concerned, she declared with some pride that she'd 'rather have a hot dinner any day'. She was far more likely to get a hot dinner, too, thought Tim, because Winifred wasn't exactly a raving beauty.

However, she was a mine of information and told Tim that Glenda was something of a mystery as she kept herself aloof from the rest of the staff, spending most of her spare time in her room at the top of the hotel. She'd been there only since the start of the season a month earlier and nobody knew where she came from or what kind of a girl she really was. But she always bought expensive clothes and spent hours each evening in the bathroom.

Tim became more and more obsessed with the girl but their only contact the first day was an exchange of glances. Over dinner Tim's hot eyes met her cold ones for a second. Then she turned abruptly away to fetch a tureen of cauliflower from the kitchen.

The following evening Tim was sitting in the bar feeling rather glum, despite the efforts of several large whiskies.

The bar was in the corner of a large lounge which also included a grand piano. An old guy from a Scottish party, who was no mean pianist, had settled himself down behind the keys while his wife stood by his side, hands clasped in traditional pose, and in a trembling soprano belted through a repertoire of such popular oldies as *The Lord Is My Shepherd* and *Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes.*

That didn't cheer Tim up a great deal, and to make matters worse he was being ogled across the lounge by a red-head in her mid-thirties who, the barman told him with a large wink, was the manager's wife.

As Semprini and his missus broke into a particularly agonised version of *Ye Banks And Braes O' Bonny Doon,* Tim had a sudden urge to escape. The whisky was beginning to make him feel drowsy so he headed for the television lounge for a rest in one of the armchairs, pausing only to cast a wan and, he hoped, discouraging smile at the eager red-haired face near the door.

The television room wasn't exactly packed. Two old dears dozing in armchairs looked up anxiously when Tim lumbered in, possibly expecting him to have them in a step-over leglock before they could say 'Horlicks'.

They sat for a while, so as not to appear rude and offend the ruffian, then muttered something about having to get to bed early and left. Tim shouted a cheery goodnight then spread himself out on the sofa to enjoy the luxury of the colour TV set.

And luxury it was indeed compared with the viewing at Tim's own flat. Because he lived in a poor area for reception, owned a cheap and eccentric set and had an acquaintance who fancied himself as a television engineer, he was able to receive BBC-1 with varying degrees of clarity and Radio Moscow when it rained.

So it was with a considerable feeling of well-being that he lay sleepily back watching the news in full-frontal colour. And that feeling was suddenly heightened by a cushioning perfume enveloping him.

He looked across to the far side of the room, blinked hard then looked again. Sure enough, there was the waitress with the long dark hair looking all fresh and sweet from the bath and wearing a full-length négligé.

She gazed back, eyes as cold as ever. Then she stood up, placed herself in front of the TV set and let her négligé slide slowly from her shoulders to the floor.

She held out her arms to Tim and he rose. Then he got up from the sofa and moved across to her and she pulled him towards her, leaning against the television cabinet. Tim confided later that he'd done it just about everywhere, but he never thought he'd do it on the television – and on colour television at that.

When it was all over – and it didn't take long – Tim sank back on to the sofa, drained. The girl covered herself, muttered 'Same time tomorrow' and left as silently as she had arrived.

Tim was no nearer to penetrating the enigma – in a psychological sense. All he knew about her was that although her eyes were cold, the rest of her was red hot.

Reflecting on her silence throughout the proceedings, he thought it was a pleasant change. Most of the chicks he came into close contact with were grunters or groaners or sighers or squealers. He even went out with a bird – just once – who sang rugby songs at the top of her voice while they were locked together.

As he climbed the stairs to his room shortly afterwards Tim was quite excited at the prospect of another session the following evening.

He was passing along the first-floor landing when the door opened and the red-haired wife of the manager peeped out. He tried to ignore her but she stepped in front of him as he was trying to slink past.

The upshot was that she invited Tim into

turn to page 83

The draining of Timothy Trevine

continued from page 66

the room because, she said, she had a little job that needed doing urgently and her husband was in London for a week at an hoteliers' conference.

Tim knew then what was going to happen, but being the guy he was he accepted the invitation. The red-head pointed to a lamp and told Tim she couldn't plug it in. Tim pottered about for a few minutes then told her the prong was bent and wouldn't go into the socket.

'I asked my husband to mend it before he went away,' declared the bird. 'But he's never been any good with prongs and sockets.' Wink, wink, wink!

Two hours later Tim sloped off to his room and fell into a deep slumber. He overslept and missed his breakfast next morning. But he was recompensed at lunchtime when he found that his plate contained three times as much food as anybody else's – courtesy of the management.

Now the pattern was set for the week. It was a speedy, exciting bang with the waitress during *News At Ten*, followed by a lengthy and exhausting slog with the red-head in her room. No wonder the husband had trouble with his prong, thought Tim.

In the full flush of his health he could have coped easily with this situation. But he was already badly run down when the holiday began and now he began to feel near to death.

The crisis came on the Thursday when the waitress was on supper duty. She told Tim she wouldn't be able to meet him in the TV lounge and commanded him – 'commanded' was the only word for it, he declared – to go to her room after midnight.

During that evening Tim stayed in the bar and tried to ignore the red-head. But about eleven o'clock she came into the lounge and said 'Excuse me, Mr Trevine. I'm having a little trouble with the books. I wonder if you'd come and look at them with me.'

Now Tim, being something of a financial genius, was only too happy to oblige. But when they got to the room it turned out that the books she wanted him to look at with her weren't exactly the sort you present to your auditors.

Shortly after midnight Tim headed for his room, intending to fall into a coma for at least twelve hours.

Then he remembered the waitress. He was sorely tempted – very sorely by this stage of the week – to give it a miss for that night. But he was still obsessed with the silent girl.

So he climbed wearily up the stairs to the fourth floor, where the staff quarters were, headed along the dark corridor, lit by a single dim light bulb half-way along its length, peering for the number of the girl's room.

Then he looked down the corridor and a chill straightened his drooping spine. Heading towards him from the far end was a horrifying spectre. A skull-like head topped a white shroud and in its hands it held an object, apparently soaked in blood. Tim darted into the nearest room and peered through the crack in the door as the thing shambled past him, muttering. He breathed again. It was the aged porter, wearing a nightshirt and minus his teeth, on his way back from the bathroom. In his hand was a red hot-water bottle. Tim wandered, in alarm, whether his habits were now affecting his eyesight.

The light went on in the room he had just entered and an indignant man's voice demanded to know what the hell was happening. So Tim had to start explaining to the barman, who had just settled down for the night, that he wasn't in the habit of creeping about and bursting into men's rooms in the small hours.

Fortunately the barman, being a barman and a very understanding sort of guy, believed him and listened with great sympathy as Tim poured out his tale of woe.

It turned out that the barman had been more than delighted with Tim's arrival at the hotel, because the waitress Glenda had for some months been making excessive demands upon his good person and he himself felt in need of a holiday. In fact, as he told Tim, he felt 'shagged out'!

As Tim sat on the bed and collected his shattered nerves the barman told him the story of Glenda – and a heart-rending story it was. Tim said later that at first he thought the barman was relating him the plot from a 1940's Hollywood movie.

It seems that Glenda had grown up in less than luxurious surroundings with her ma and pa and five other kids, eight in a house. Then the mother had cleared off because she didn't fancy the prospect of living nine to a house and soon after that dad had moonlighted with the woman from the Fish and Chip shop. Eventually the kids had been split up and Glenda had spent the rest of her childhood in care.

The experience had left her with a driving ambition to make it to a position in life where she would never again have to live in such conditions.

In fact Glenda was aiming at the very top of society. The barman told Tim that the walls of the girl's room were decorated with pictures of top society figures and her sole reading matter was *Queen Magazine*, *Who's Who* and *Debrett*.

But while her heart belonged among the nobility, below the waist she was far less discriminating. The barman claimed that the entire attendance of the House of Lords would have been hard pressed to satisfy her needs – hence her silent recourse to more lowly creatures such as Tim and the barman.

By the time he'd finished telling me this Tim had downed a few more pints of Guinness and his colour had improved to white. As far as I was concerned there was one loose end to the story that needed tying up.

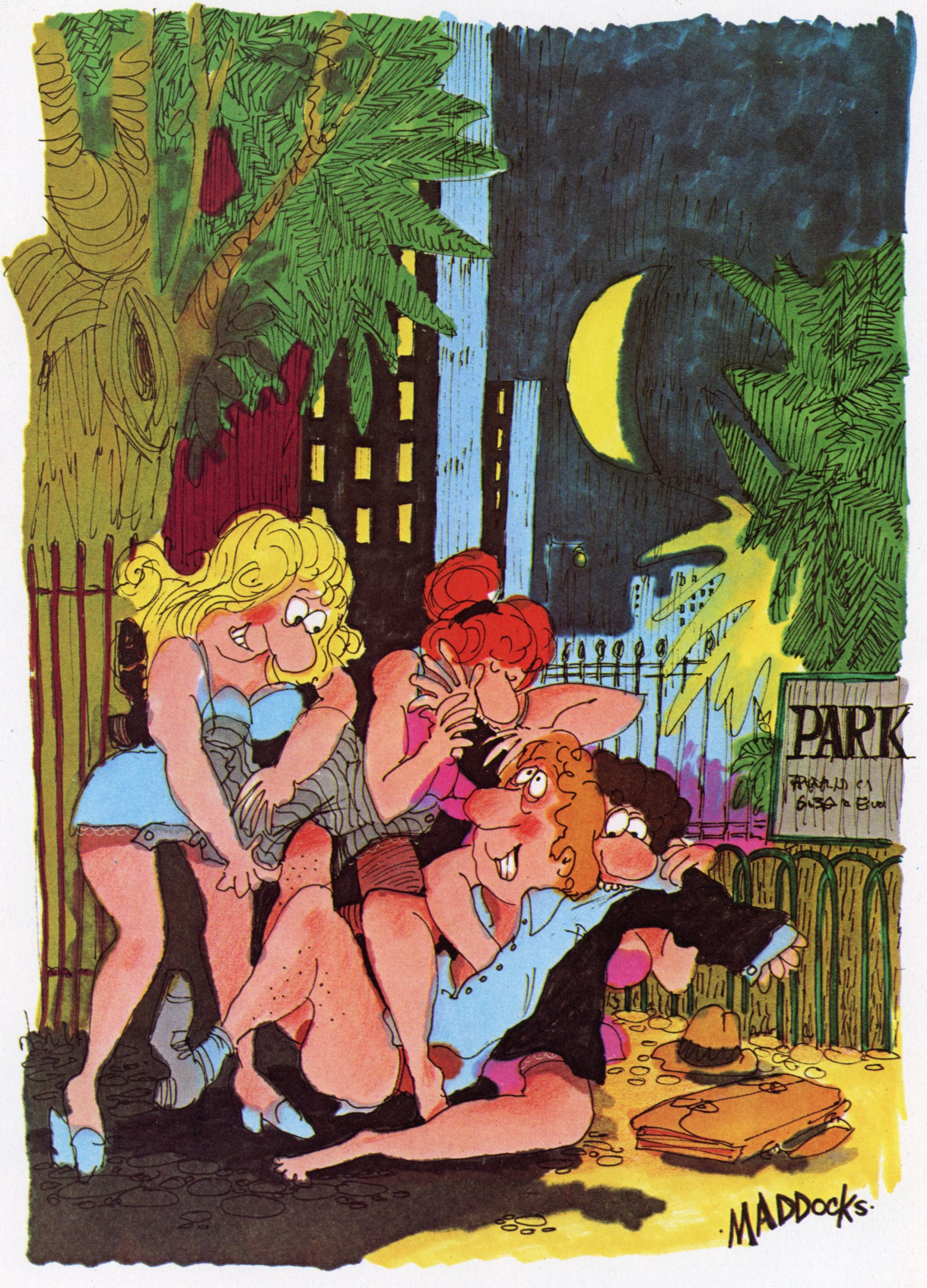
I asked him if he went to her room that night as arranged.

'Of course,' said Tim, mildly surprised. 'I'm sentimental, you see. If she does make it to the top, it'll be nice to have my memory of that last night as a souvenir. Besides,' he added, 'if she's as ambitious as she seemed, one day I might be able to carry a "Bapt" tattoo!'

'Bapt?' I asked.

'Or "By Appointment",' said Tim, smiling for the first time. 'It'll depend on the mood I'm in.'

'. . . And to the dear vicar I return with thanks his copy of the Kama Sutra'


PARK
MADDOCKS.

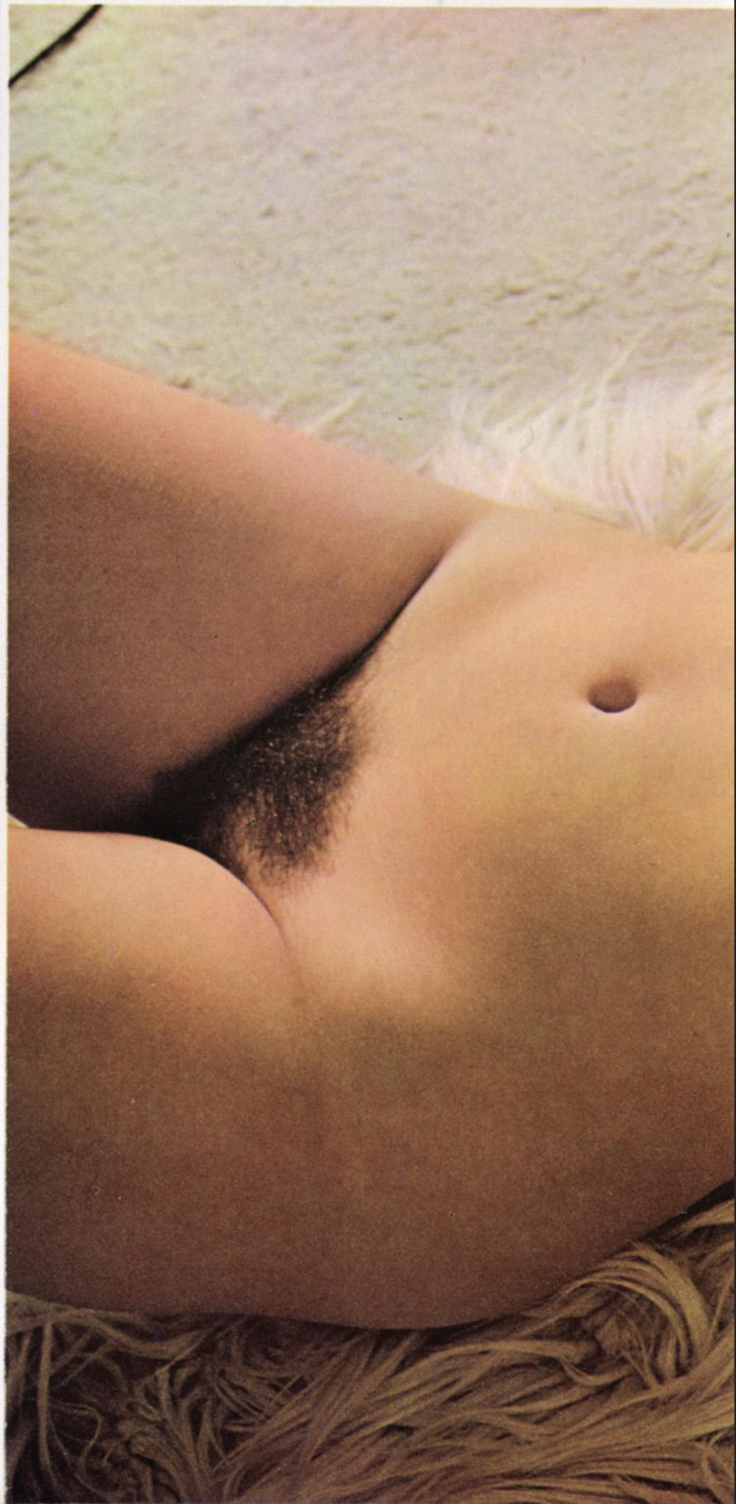
'You girls had me worried for a minute – I thought I was being mugged.'

Patsy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

'Wait till they see this in Dewsbury' were the first words Patricia Kemp said when she saw the pictures we'd taken of her. Dewsbury, for those unfamiliar with regions north of Watford is an industrial town in the heart of Yorkshire's woollen district, near Leeds, where, to quote Patsy, as she prefers to be called: 'girls don't strip off in front of cameras at the drop of a hat, not to mention their knickers'. What does one do in Dewsbury, we wondered: 'Well,' Patsy told us, 'I work as a secretary with an insurance firm but there's so many pubs round here that many girls get evening jobs working as barmaids and I'm one of them. In fact a friend of mine worked out that if you were to walk on the road from Dewsbury to Ravensthorpe, that's about two

miles, and start in the first pub with a teaspoonful of beer, doubling it in the next and so on, you'd be drunk before you got half way.' That brings us to how we found Patsy. One of the Mayfair staff, while travelling in the North, called in a pub on that road and was served by the pert little Patsy in low cut blouse, mini and boots. The perfect barmaid in fact. She expressed the usual surprise at the suggestion that she might grace our pages: 'Me, you must be joking,' were her words, but eventually she agreed to reveal her 5 feet 2 inches of 36–25–37 cuddly curves. 'It's so expensive down here,' she said, when we brought her down to London to interview her, 'Do you know,' she continued, 'that in the Batley Variety Club near Dewsbury they have people like Louis Armstrong and Bob Monkhouse and it doesn't cost anything like as much to get in as it does down here. And the drinks cost no more than any pub.' It's not surprising then that Patsy was pleased to be back home with her parents in the Oxford road district of Dewsbury, where she awaits the reaction of the neighbours to her pictures. She has lived in Dewsbury for



all of her 19 years: 'I suppose you think I'm young but up here,' Patsy told us, 'you're expected to be married at my age, but that's not for me yet.' Patsy wants to enjoy life before she settles down: 'I don't want to start marriage three months pregnant like some people do and that's why I've been on the Pill for a year', she told us with a note of determination. 'My parents didn't approve when I told them but they came round eventually,' she said, adding with a grin, 'I think they realised that if their daughter was going to have a good time then she would do anyway, and as my mother said, it's better to be safe than sorry.' Patsy believes that sex is very important in a relationship: 'You can't go out with a man and kid yourself that sex doesn't exist, can you? O.K., some couples do wait, and take pot luck on finding if they get on in bed as well as out on the town, but I'm not so stupid. I admit I'm going to sleep with someone I like so why not go on the Pill. It's not a sin is it?' No Patsy, and you're quite a sensible girl for a 19-year old, aren't you.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Five

This month our survey has brought to light an intriguing aspect of the problem of communication between the sexes. Some girls, we all know, put out blinding sex signals, but what about the more secret signs to say they are ready for love or sex – the ones they make almost without thinking? Sometimes, when a girl thinks she is unseen, she loses her inhibitions. During these moments she sends sensual signals, often using the sex appeal of her clothes. We found three girls who sent such signs only to discover they were not alone. Our conclusion is that subconsciously they hoped and knew that there was a man there who would pick up their secret sexy signals.

INTRODUCTION

The whole value of Quest, from the very beginning of this enormously successful series, has been that it helps communication between the sexes. To us, with our ever growing amount of evidence, it is clear that shyness, lack of confidence, fear of rebuff, are the great barriers that rise up between them. In sex, it seems, many men and women need some indication that their advances will be welcome before they are willing to attempt to establish a sexual contact.

From this there naturally flows one obvious question: Do some girls give secret signals that they are available or would welcome an advance? We all know that some girls, the office flirt for instance, give overt signals. But how about signals the girl herself does not realise she is giving?

This month we print three interviews with an interesting common theme. In all three the girl gave way to some subtle physical signs that she was ready for love or sex. But she says she did not think she was observed. She thought she was alone. We do not doubt the sincerity of the girls. But in all three cases, in our opinion, the girl consciously or subconsciously had the idea a man might be about. In which case a helpful thought arises. Are some girls prepared to give sexual signals, provided that they can convince themselves that they are not responsible for the consequences, *because their signals are not meant to be seen?* The answer to that opens some interesting new possibilities in the field of communication between basically willing girls and eager men.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Swimming Pool Attendant, 34 years old, dark haired, town of origin Macclesfield**

This interviewee was divorced from her husband. There were no children. She had retained their detached home on a suburban housing estate and took in lodgers.

Quest: Do you enjoy men admiring your body?

Attendant: You show me a woman who doesn't. We all do, no matter what we say. And it's a good job we do sometimes otherwise I for one would soon go spare. Is that what you're going to question me about?

Quest: I think you're a natural for male admiration.

Attendant: Do you suppose I have the type of body men admire then?

Quest: Do you?

Attendant: I have been told I'm the owner of a highly suggestive body if you can believe that.

Quest: You don't insist on being enjoyed for your mind as well?

Attendant: That! You mustn't believe that. That's something put about by silly women's magazines. It's not intellectual discussion about her rights and responsibilities that satisfies a woman – you know that as well as I do. I mean, some of these women want to be men don't they?

Quest: I think some of them are. Do you think then, that a well laid woman is a happy woman?

Attendant: Just like a man. It works both ways. I'm not advertising for some hairy, muscly he-man, like in those body building adverts, to come grunting out of the forest and plunging himself right up me. You take a happy medium which certainly is not some rampant stud with those horrible bulgy muscles – I think they're obscene, *ugh*, make me shiver.

Quest: Do you enjoy admiring your own body?

Attendant: You know there is a narcistic – if that's the right way of saying it – attraction in admiring your own body. You think, why do females tart themselves up so much and then pull away and go home on their own? Really why do women dress up, show the features they think are their best and hide others? Why do they spend a fortune on hairstylists and change their make-up every fortnight? Because they want to be admired, but they want to admire themselves too. Look at me, my house has mirrors in every room and I've got two in my handbag here now I think. Yes, I have, one with a handle and a little square one. You see? I'm being very honest with you. I touched up my make-up on the way here and I'll have to ask you where the ladies room is before I dare walk out of your office and down the road. Don't your models surround themselves with mirrors and make-up?

Quest: Unfortunately that isn't my department. I can take it you always dress to show your body to best advantage?

Attendant: To entice some darling man to wrap me in his arms and snuggle me to bed. You take me – I know I've good legs – the number of times I've been told I have, so I know. But they're sort of voluptuous legs I think, not leggy long like a fashion picture, more a French painting. They look average in tights but stockings, even just ordinary flesh colour stockings, really set them off. They make me feel like a naughty French dancer and I look like one too, much more exciting than a swimming pool attendant. And I found the shape of my hips looks better in a suspender belt, especially a black one – my bottom doesn't look so plump or sticky-out either.

Quest: So you emphasise your bottom?

Attendant: Not madly. I'm too old for mini skirts and my stockings would show – just a skirt or a lowish dress that comes in at the waist.

Quest: What sort of reactions do you get from men when they know you're wearing stockings and suspenders?

Attendant: Some men don't seem to care one way or the other, not like Frank – he's one of the other attendants. A married man, he is, about my age, and I fancied him at one time. We went for some drinks when the pool closed. I didn't expect anything to develop even though I fancied him, because I didn't like the idea of him going back home and making love to his wife after me. In the pub, we sat on stools in a corner of the bar, quite darkly lit, one of those sort of corners. There were just the two of us and as he bought the drinks he kept patting me on the knee. I don't think I'd had lunch and the drinks went to my head very quickly which meant I didn't do much more than giggle when he put his hand a little further up my thigh. I don't know what he thought he would achieve in the pub. Then his hand moved ever so slowly under my skirt and I giggled again when I saw the expression on his face. He looked as though he'd found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. As his hand squeezed up my leg, it came to the bare skin at the top of my thigh. He became really desperate to make love. I don't think it was my body, just my stocking and suspenders and some of them were always trying to look up my skirt.

Quest: You are well aware you turn men on with your body and you seem to like the idea. Has there ever been an occasion when you've really turned somebody on without intending to?

Attendant: As if I'd ever forget. It happened with one of my lodgers, Andy, a confirmed bachelor that man. I suppose it was bound to happen sooner or later the way I carry on sometimes, swinging my hips and things like that.

Quest: Tell me what happened.

Attendant: It's quite a long story, really. It all started the day before when the pool closed. We girls were all in our changing room. Sandra, who works with me, had to nip back to the poolside to pick up a bag she'd left there. We all wear single piece bathing suits under our white coats when we're on duty and Sandra had taken hers off. She just slipped her white coat over her and nipped outside. The next we knew we heard yells and splashes coming from the pool. We all rushed out in states of undress and there was Sandra climbing out of the pool, everything showing through the white coat. It stuck to her like a second skin. Two of the men were standing there laughing and Sandra might just as well been nude. The coat clung to her breasts and as she came dripping up the steps it parted to show all her thighs and her hair and fanny and everything. The men were certainly enjoying it but Sandra was furious. We all trooped back to our dressing room. There and then we decided we were going to get one of the men.

Quest: When did you plan to do that?

Attendant: The next day the pool closed at lunchtime and we thought we'd do it then as soon as it was empty. We picked on Tim, one of the men who'd thrown Sandra in the pool. One of the girls, Maggy, was going to keep him talking at the poolside so he didn't nip off to the men's and we'd all get together and grab him from behind and throw him in the water.

Quest: What happened?

Attendant: Well, we grabbed him all right, but he put up more of a struggle than we thought. We got him on the floor, trying to work him towards the edge and then Sandra said: 'Debag him, debag him, get his pants off.' We thought that would be a giggle. The place was deserted otherwise and Sandra and Maggy unbuckled his trousers. He was struggling less then because he might have been enjoying it in a way. They pulled his trousers off with us hooting and giggling. We all saw the bulge quivering in his trunks and Sandra said: 'Let's have those off too, girls.' I quite admit I was as interested as Sandra but it was Sandra who put her hand in and grabbed it. Tim wasn't resisting much at all. He was watching Sandra and he was flushed a bright pink. I felt quite excited watching her myself. She pulled the front of his trunks down and we were all treated to the sight of him starting to go hard. He had stopped struggling altogether. Sandra yanked his trunks right down and he might even have lifted his bottom or squirmed. I was panting and so was Sandra and no-one was saying anything. His prick probably seemed bigger than it was but I know we were riveted for several seconds to it. My throat was dry as dust and I swear I felt throbby as though what Sandra had uncovered was some sort of magnet.

Quest: How long did this display last?

Attendant: Not long. Maggy started to giggle and we all seemed to realise what we were doing and what was happening, most of all, Tim. He tried to get up and as he did we all started pushing and pulling at once and into the pool he went.

Quest: Did this have any lasting effect?

Attendant: I still had a bit of a throb on when I got home, yes.

Quest: And this was when something happened with Andy, your lodger?

Attendant: Too true. I can believe that thing about there being a bit of a stripper in every woman but you wouldn't have persuaded me I'd be doing it in front of a lodger in my own home.

Quest: Tell me what happened?

Attendant: Well it had got very cold by the time I got home and I went straight up to my bedroom and switched on the fire. When the fire was going I shivered out of my coat and took off my shoes and went and stood in front of it, lifting my skirt at the front so the heat would thaw me out. Then I thought of Tim again and what with the heat of the fire and my bubbling imagination I started undressing. I was down to my panties, no I was taking those off, I was practically down to just stockings and suspenders when I got this funny feeling someone was close behind me.

Quest: First, I'd like to know how you undressed.

Attendant: That made it even funnier, the way I undressed, not quickly like normal in private, but sillily because I was thinking of someone's stiff, you know, and being rather warm and languid and daring with myself.

Quest: Did you wish there was a man there?

Attendant: Perhaps, but I wouldn't have undressed like that if there had been. I took my blouse off and pretended a man was taking my clothes off. I sort of cupped my bra off as though I was someone else doing it to me, kneeling down in front of the fire and massaging my breasts with my palms. Then I made a great show of taking my skirt off as though there might be a man on his knees imploring me to. And worse, I was watching myself in the wardrobe mirror just behind me. When I bent over to pull my pants – little pink ones they were, with roses – down my thighs I must have presented a most amazing sight. I could see my great pink bottom in the mirror, and, oh horrors, I saw the door move. I froze to the spot. I shook my head and looked again. The door was slightly open and seemed to be closing. I stood up with a jerk and pulled my panties straight back up. You can tell the state I was in, suddenly realising there was someone hiding in my wardrobe! I ran at the wardrobe door, just as I was, and wrenched it open. Would you believe Andy was in there, with a pair of my panties dangling from his hand. I just didn't know what to feel except a fool. Andy among all my clothes, staring at my breasts. I covered them damn quickly with my arm. Apart from everything else he should have been at work at two in the afternoon. He just stammered a string of words about how beautiful I was. That helped me get over my own shock. He then said he'd been sacked that morning. Now I had more confused feelings to cope with, and I was starting to feel sorry for him. He did look forlorn and guilty like a schoolboy caught in an orchard with a pocketful of apples. But he still hadn't explained what he was doing in my wardrobe. I think he was too scared not to tell the truth, or he didn't have time to think anything up. I'd grabbed my bathrobe from the back of the bedroom door and wrapped it round my shoulders and he'd got out of the wardrobe, still clutching that pair of my panties. He stuttered out that he'd been in my bedroom before. He just liked to come in my room and breathe my smell and touch my clothes, especially my undies. And this time he hadn't heard me until I was practically at the bedroom door.

Quest: Did this alter your attitude towards him?

Attendant: It's difficult to say. All right, it was obviously not flattery for the sake of it, but in a funny way and I was flattered – it's nice to think your being worshipped from a distance like that as though you're a sort of unavailable personality, like hero worship I suppose. And he was very contrite and sorry and he looked very timid.

Quest: Was he normally a timid man?

Attendant: He certainly wasn't what you might call 'aggressive' or 'forward' and I wasn't red hot on him. He was pleasant, reasonable looking, nothing special – there wasn't anything that directly appealed to me about him. He was good as a lodger because he was quiet and unobtrusive and he had always been very considerate to me.

Quest: If you'd chosen a man to live with sexually, you wouldn't have chosen Andy?

Attendant: Exactly right. Andy didn't appeal to me that way which will make it a bit of a shock to you when you hear what happened next.

Quest: Why?

Attendant: I shocked myself too, though it's more shocking thinking about it than it was at the time. When you look at it bluntly I seduced him. There and then.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Attendant: I'm not normally so bitchy but I felt like acting it. I thought why shouldn't I, after what he's put me through. I let the bathrobe fall away from my shoulders and stood facing him with my legs apart, I looked at his trouser front and sure enough, as he stared at my bosom, his fly began to move outwards like a little tent. I thought, this might be worth it after all. I felt quite sexy about acting the bitch. I stood there, brazen as you like, and asked him if he wanted a pair of panties of mine to keep. I spoke very softly so he wouldn't think I was being bitchy. He looked as though he would but he didn't seem capable of saying anything. He nodded. I said, harsher this time: 'Right, you can have the ones I'm wearing, take them off yourself.' He did too and that wasn't all. He came right up to me slowly, looking at my breasts then he knelt in front of me and put his hands to my hips. I wonder now if he'd been waiting half his life for this opportunity. I just thought he was being slow. He didn't fumble but his hands slipped in the sides of my pants and worked them very easily down my hips over the suspenders to above the tops of my stockings. Then he stopped and his hands came up again to my fanny. He really went to work on me. It was like the first time he'd touched one and his fingers were exploring every nook and cranny, lingering and then moving on and coming back and I was standing there, rigid with anticipation and my belly turned to glue. My legs started trembling. I thought I was going to fall over as I felt his fingers – he used two fingers – I felt him push them hard right up me. The next I knew he was working them in and out quickly and they were rubbing against my little man. I clutched at his head as much to hold myself on my feet as anything and he nuzzled his mouth into the pit of my belly, in the hairs, and started nipping my skin. I wanted to fall on the floor with him. I wanted him so badly. I just did. He wasn't grinning or laughing as he had every right to be, the way he'd turned the tables. On the contrary he looked deadly serious and he was panting and groaning as much as me. He pulled my hand to him and put it on his trousers.

When I felt him like that I was as eager to get at him as he was at me. I used both hands to unzip him because his pants were rucked. He was lovely and warm and smooth and so hard and curved like a scimitar and when I looked at it it was just like Tim's. I thought it was the most beautiful thing in the world at that moment. As I was moving him up and down he unbuckled his belt and unfastened his waistband and his trousers fell away. Then he pulled back and pushed me over on my side. I rolled on to my back on the carpet and almost got impatient with him when he had trouble getting my panties right off. I lifted my legs up in the end. The next thing his mouth was all over my breasts. He held them up in his hands and scraped his teeth across the tips. They were already quite rigid enough and I moaned at him to make love to me. I felt I was nearly ready to come just with him playing with my bosom. I said: 'Please, Andy, do me now.' I kept saying that and grabbed at his prick to get him up me. Me – imploring him! I was biting my tongue to keep myself back because I wanted him in me there. I was like a wet dishrag and my fanny was aching for him, actually aching in a physical way. When he finally knelt between my legs I was so crazy for him I pushed myself right on to him. I raised my hips off the floor and pushed at him and he went straight in. I came almost immediately and so did Andy. We were both shattered by it.

Quest: Did your affair go any further?

Attendant: We made love twice more but it was nothing like that first time, nothing like. Andy left to find a job somewhere else very shortly after anyway.

Quest: You have a lodger at the moment?

Attendant: Two.

Quest: Has anything like your experience with Andy happened since with others?

Attendant: That would be telling, wouldn't it?

Quest: I'll show you to the ladies' room.

Two **Shop Assistant, 19 years old, blonde, town of origin Birmingham**

This interviewee worked in a large departmental store. She had a number of boyfriends but none on a very serious basis and was just as likely to spend an evening reading books as she was out dancing or party going until the early hours. She shared a flat with two other girls.

Quest: You have a number of boyfriends. Is this to satisfy you sexually or to bolster your ego?

Assistant: Hey, slow down! Anyone'd think I was living for thrills. You've got it all topsy-turvy, it just happened like that, I mean it just happens like that. Some boys ask me out and if I can I do.

Quest: Do you sleep with all your boyfriends?

Assistant: You're really breaking the ice with a sledge-hammer aren't you – you really mean it? Of course I don't, I mean, why should I?

Quest: But you sleep with some?

Assistant: When I want to or I mean when it crops up, when it seems the right moment if there's a chance of it. But I mean I can't always, sometimes there's a problem that gets in the way, like George lives at home and he hasn't a car and we can't find anywhere to go. Things such as that.

Quest: What is it about you that appeals to your boyfriends individually?

Assistant: It all depends. George is sweet but with him I'm sure it's my body. He won't admit it but I'm not sure he's all that interested in my mind.

Quest: Does that bother you?

Assistant: Well I like him, so not really; might have a year ago but not now really – I could bring him round.

Quest: Is George perhaps more special than other boyfriends?

Assistant: Perhaps a bit more but I'm not worried about having a choice, specially when there's always boys wanting to go out with me. Perhaps I'm more sexy than you think.

Quest: Are you very aware of the sexual attraction of your own body?

Assistant: The way some men go about it, it's practically the girls who're supposed to look at the men's bodies these days. Tight trousers, some men don't mind if you see the whole shape of it in their trousers; talk about women flaunting themselves, they don't even try to hold it in or not show they're worked up and they wear all flattering clothes, padded shoulders and things. I think it's at least fifty-fifty now. I mean, girls make it just as obvious that they think men are sexy as the other way round. In some of the swinging places it's the girls who do the looking and the eyeing up. Women have always thought of men sexually I suppose but its not been said in so many words before.

Quest: Have you ever found satisfaction in the purely physical attraction of sex, without words, without anything else?

Assistant: Like what George says, you mean, a good straightforward bang? I didn't say it, George did. He asked me whether I never thought of doing it just with my body and not thinking – like an animal nearly. But you're bound to think something no matter how open minded you are. I can see what you and George mean – like when it's without words you feel less sort of, what's the word . . . inhibited, that's it. That's because you don't know anything about each other. When you've been talking to a boy and getting to know him, you both find you've things to live up to. It's a sort of barrier you have to break down. Like at a party, you think, he thinks this of me, what will he think of me if I let him. Does that make any sense to you?

Quest: Have you been in a position where you wanted sex with a certain man and nothing else? Perhaps a certain type of man?

Assistant: I can imagine a dream sort of man, dreaming of a very physical film star like Robert Redford, now there's a dishy man, sort of not saying anything, just coming at you and taking you in his arms and kissing you just out of the blue though he's never seen you before, without saying a word. I should think half the pleasure of being scooped off the floor by a strange person would be the fear – I bet a lot of girls deep down would like to be frightened like that though.

Quest: Would you?

Assistant: Well, that's what I'm leading up to in a way. I mean I was once frightened a bit by a man. A good looking man he was too, staring at me all evening – at a party – I could see what he was thinking about the way he held his body, sort of in an insolent way. I got the impression he was undressing me with his eyes which made me giggle and blush. I'd worn a yellow mini dress which one boy said was like a curtain pelmet only shorter and the top came down on straps nearly to my nipples. When I went upstairs to the bog I had to wait, so I put my handbag down and leant against the wall. He came upstairs and when he saw me he came straight over to me, though there were other boys standing around waiting too, and put his hands against the wall with his arms either side of me. I was sort of hypnotised by his eyes and I was twiddling my fingers nervously. He did a sort of push up in reverse on his hands against the wall, coming nearer very slowly and then kissed me, not hard, more like brushing my lips with his. He pulled away a few inches and I tried to dodge away but I couldn't get past his arm. I was a bit ineffectual about it anyway. As I dodged away from the wall he put one hand on my chin to hold my head up to him and the other on my bottom then yanked me towards him by the bottom and kissed me very hard. He pinched my bottom lip between his and I felt him squeeze my breast through my dress. I started pulling away again but he had hold of me by my bottom and my breast. He was trying to push me through an open bedroom door too. I pulled my head away and he got a hand down the top of the dress. Luckily my bra was tight and his hand couldn't get underneath it without squirming and pinching. My nipples were hard as iron anyway. I managed to wriggle myself away because his other hand was creeping up inside the elastic at the back of my knickers, but doing that my knickers half came down from my bottom and I had to yank them up as I was stumbling down the stairs. Then I felt they were all damp because it had been a randy thing. But I was too stunned to let him do anything. I went and got with some friends and tried to calm myself down. Afterwards I had a bit of a dream that more had happened. In an odd way I wished I'd let something more happen.

Quest: If it happened again would you let it go further?

Assistant: Afterwards it's the sort of thing you wish you'd let happen but you never would at the time. Even if I was sorry I hadn't and the same boy tried to do it again I still wouldn't.

Quest: So you've never had a purely physical sexual encounter?

Assistant: That good straightforward bang George talks about? I think I nearly have but it wasn't just the effect the boy had on me, it was a lot of other things too. I think I was much more prepared for it by other things. And really it was because of my knickers mostly as he told me later.

Quest: Tell us about it now.

Assistant: I never really told anyone else about it. But one of the two girls I share with, her parents have a caravan and last year it was near a place called Towyn in Wales on a farm in a field that had a few tents on it. It was in a dip right by a stream in a corner of the field and you couldn't see it from the road. We none of us had much money and Sheila said why didn't we have a holiday there. Ann and I thought it was a great idea, It was a beautiful spot and the trees came down to the stream and nearly touched the caravan roof. But after sunbathing the first day Sheila and Ann got a bit fed up doing nothing and they got the bus into Towyn to see if there was any life on the beach. I didn't go because all this quiet and nature and the solitude of it was just what I wanted. As soon as they'd gone I felt terribly excited at being on my own and doing what I liked. It was the sort of feeling you get when you want to sunbathe in the raw, the feeling that I had, sort of back to nature I suppose, almost like feeling a bit bothered by your clothes and overwhelmed by the animalness of everything.

Quest: Were you sexually excited by nature and feelings of freedom?

Assistant: It's almost like when you meet a boy you fancy for the first time, more excited by the possibilities I suppose, you know, what might happen, but nothing very definite.

Quest: Please go on.

Assistant: I thought I'd lie in the sun first for a while and read a book but I wasn't really interested in the book so I went and sat by the stream and tried to see if there were any fish. I sat there with my arms round my knees and stared into the water and watched it splash and rush over the rocks. I was thinking how wonderful if people didn't wear clothes and just made love when they wanted and there weren't cities or anything and just countryside, and if only people were like that, making love and things without any hang-ups. Then I was looking in this pool and I saw something move in the trees over the stream – a dishy man. I don't know if he'd been standing there watching me but when I looked up he was starting to cross over the rocks and he *was* dishy, lovely looking, tallish and slim with his jeans rolled up to his knees. He was smiling and looking at my face but his eyes did nip to my bottom and back and I blushed furiously and put my legs down. I thought, he might have been standing there looking at my bottom for ages.

Quest: You were sitting in a position where he could?

Assistant: I was wearing my flared summer cotton frock and it's quite short so when I sat with my knees up to my chin as he'd been opposite he would have seen everything under my dress because I was sitting on the back of the dress and the front came nowhere near my knees and I think I had my legs about six inches apart too so he would have seen almost right through my little cotton knickers. It was too hot to wear anything but thin cotton underwear and a thin cotton frock.

Quest: And this worried you?

Assistant: It's not worry, it's hotly embarrassing! So I pushed my legs over the edge of the bank into the water and smoothed my frock over my thighs and tried not to blush. As he came up to me he said: 'Mind the fishes don't bite your little toes.' I pulled my feet out quickly and then felt silly and put them back in and blushed even more furiously. He stepped up the bank beside me and said: 'Lovely here isn't it, makes you want to tear off your clothes and roll about in the grass naked doesn't it. Makes you wonder why people live in cities,' and he walked off, just walked off without saying anything else. I was knocked out to think he might have been listening to my thoughts.

Quest: Did you try and follow after him?

Assistant: No, but I couldn't sit still so I went off for a walk. I just wandered along for ages through the trees, picking a few pretty flowers here and there. I found some small purple ones and put them in my hair. I branched up several different paths and came to a small clearing where there was a grassy mound and the sun shone through the trees in a patch. I sat down thinking I'd have a rest. I felt like a cat, all warm and relaxed and I arched my back and made my breasts stick out further. The bra was a bit tight so I undid the catch under the dress so my breasts would feel freer. I wanted to wiggle and shake them, that was how I felt, like after drinking wine, a heady sort of feeling. Then I bent my back again to make them stand up on their own, sort of offering them to the sun, funny how it was nice to do that, the feeling of freedom and nature I suppose. And guess who was watching me.

Quest: You tell us.

Assistant: The boy who spoke to me earlier.

Quest: Did you feel embarrassed this time?

Assistant: Ah, that was it, you see. I was leaning back on my arms with my back arched and my legs bent at the knee and quite wide apart. My dress was round my waist. I thought, so, he can see my panties, why shouldn't he, he's already seen them so I arched my breasts forward again just to show him he couldn't confuse me. But what I didn't know was about my panties you see – they were crooked.

Quest: How crooked?

Assistant: They were sort of pulled to one side. He could see part of my fanny you see. He told me afterwards it was a sight for sore eyes because the leg elastic of my knickers was tight and crooked and had pulled hard up the slit and he could see the lip bulging out and a tuft of my pubic hair.

Quest: If you'd known would it have altered your attitude?

Assistant: It might not have. But I didn't know about it until after.

Quest: Until after what?

Assistant: He came right over to me then and I couldn't help saying, 'I thought you were going to tear your clothes off and roll in the grass?' That gave me a feeling of being naughty to have said it. Every moment I looked at him I felt more and more, well, randy really.

Quest: What happened then?

Assistant: He started talking about how beautiful nature was and how all the animals lived. He knew a lot about it. He sat down at my legs and I sat up with my knees to my chin and we talked. I felt we'd known each other always. He kept looking at my bottom and I didn't mind, ignorance is bliss, if I'd known about my knickers I wouldn't have been so composed I can tell you. It was nice sitting and lounging there and talking about everything but us, no awkward asking names and things, not talking about us as though neither of us really existed though I was terribly aware of him and he of me too because I kept noticing the shape in his trousers. Suddenly he stood up and said: 'Look there.' I got up to see what the fuss was about and there was this squirrel sitting on a low branch of a tree washing its paws. I held my breath just watching it. Then he whispered in my ear and I shivered again. His voice was hoarse. He said: 'Turn round very slowly.' I remember I had hold of his arm and was squeezing it with delight at seeing the squirrel. When I turned round his face was inches from mine and he was smiling into my eyes. I said: 'What?' and his arms went round me quickly and he pulled me off my feet and kissed me. It made me wriggle my toes. I felt very worked up. His hands went straight up under my dress and pressed my waist on both sides and almost squeezed the breath out of me what with the way his mouth was clamped over mine. He arched my back over his arm and I just felt like letting him. My bra was only hanging over my shoulders by the shoulder straps because I hadn't done the back one up and his hand squeezed my tummy and then went straight to my breasts and squeezed them. I kept on kissing him very hard and then he was lowering me onto my back into the grass between the trees and his hand had gone back down my tummy to my knickers and his fingers were twisting round the crutch of them and probing into my fanny. My legs parted and gave at the knees as though my body was sagging and we both rolled into the grass with a bump. I didn't let go of him at all. I kept one arm round his neck and felt the front of his trousers with the other one. I managed to undo his belt and feel for him. He didn't have any under-

pants on and I just moaned when I felt the way he was throbbing and the shape of him. His trousers were right open at the front and I could get my hand right down to the base of it and rub it up and down. Then he had my knickers off and my dress was up round my shoulders practically and he was pushing against me and making me squirm against the grass. It was like tickly velvet on my bottom and between my thighs, all tall and spiky but soft as well. He pulled away from my arms and gave me a push to turn me over but I rolled away from him giggling, feeling the undergrowth all over my body except where the frock was. I felt I wanted to dig my hands into the ground and rub myself against everything even something like the bark of a tree, all rough and knobbly like that. It was lovely and I felt so randy. He pulled my frock right up over my head and my bra came with it. I rolled over so my breasts were squashed in the ferns. I mean it was incredible. I was nearly coming, I really was. I was completely lost in it all, not thinking about anything but my sex. Then he came right down on me from behind and pulled my bottom up in the air so my face and breasts were in the grass and ferns. But my legs were shaking so much I couldn't even kneel. He held my thighs apart and pushed himself straight in to me so it knocked the breath out of me. He was making love to me like a wheelbarrow and every stroke I just flopped so he dragged me back and forth in the grass. I was trying to hold onto tufts of it as though they were his thing but I felt so weak and watery inside I hardly had any strength. I was gasping and groaning and my body was pumping up and down. What he did, he tried to turn me round on the end of him and I just came in a flood, twitching all over. I felt like a puppet being shaken madly on its strings. He slipped out then and turned me right on my back so I was spread out like a cross, moaning and muttering with my eyes shut. I felt him get me by the bottom and push straight in again and I knew he was going to come in me and even though I wasn't on the pill I didn't give a damn, I just didn't care. He started making me rub against the grass on my back again and I nearly had another, but not quite. I was sore and exhausted after though. I mean, I was crazy, absolutely crazy wasn't I? I didn't get pregnant but I could have.

Quest: Did the relationship continue after this?

Assistant: He was very tender afterwards. I was sort of spreadeagled in the grass staring up at the sun coming through the leaves of the trees and he lay my dress down on top of me to cover my body and he said: 'And don't get your knickers in a twist next time.' I asked what he was talking about and that was when I learned about what he'd been looking at. I said if it led to the same result I would. After about an hour of just lying there, we went back to the field. He didn't come into the caravan – he said he had to go. When the girls came back talking about the men they'd met on the beach I thought, 'If only you knew what had happened to me.' But I didn't tell them or anyone else, ever. To tell you the truth when I was back to normal I was worried sick about being pregnant for about a week until I had my period. I'll never do it without precautions again.

Quest: Did you see him again?

Assistant: I didn't even know his name and he didn't know mine. I thought that was mean of him not to try and see me again. He just disappeared off the face of the earth. I went all round the camp site but he wasn't there.

Quest: Thank you.

Three Student, 24 years old, black haired, town of origin Leicester

This interviewee had been a late entrant into university. She had qualified after leaving school but had preferred to go directly into a job with a public relations firm. Later, disillusioned, she had re-applied for university, re-taken the exams and been admitted to an English honours course. She enjoyed the full university social life and shared a flat with three men.

Quest: You share a flat with three men?

Student: It's a very good arrangement. I'd recommend it to any girl.

Quest: How is it better than sharing with other girls?

Student: Well, girls in a flat on their own are hopeless. If anything goes wrong, the fridge or the fuses or the television, there's not much they can do about it. Men are much better at these things and, well, I like their company. It works both ways too. I do most of their cooking and sew buttons on their shirts – if they badger me long enough.

Quest: There is no sexual attraction between you?

Student: There was some fooling around at first but now I find we have a very family relationship, brothers and little sister. They're all older than me by the way, and I feel protected against lecherous lovers who I might not otherwise be able to cope with so well if I was sharing with girls. They're jealous too, in a way, and I sometimes get ticked off – not nastily – if I stay out too late or bring a man back.

Quest: Doesn't this hamper your sex life?

Student: I have my own room. If I desperately want to I can take my boyfriend of the moment in there. They don't mind really if I tell them. I quite often go to dances and parties at the university and if I choose to spend the night at someone else's pad there's not much they can do about it. I don't antagonise them though – it's basically a friendly rivalry for my charms as they say. I lap it up but I don't goad them. I should say we're a very happy family.

Quest: You said there was some fooling about at first.

Student: It was nothing much. I'd known two of them, Jimmy and Charlie, at the company where I worked. Roger I didn't know, but when Jimmy said they had a spare room going at their flat I leapt at the chance – I was still in PR then by the way. I was sharing with another girl but there was a lot of friction between us and we were getting on each other's nerves, mainly because I remember we shared a single big bedroom which wasn't at all satisfactory when either of us wished to take a man back. Charlie raised his eyebrows in that rude way he has but Jimmy said, why not, it might get some of his collars mended and they might get some decent cooked food for a change. I just had to find somewhere else – I couldn't stay at my old flat a moment longer – so I said we should give it a couple of weeks' trial.

Quest: Did you have any qualms then?

Student: I kept pretty well on my toes the first few days but even Charlie and Jimmy thought it was so novel, just the idea of it, that they behaved like perfect gentlemen. Roger too. We got on like a house on fire.

Quest: You weren't sexually attracted to any one of them?

Student: I didn't think about it. Sex would have been fatal. I'd have stirred up a hornet's nest, I think, with the rivalry there is between them – then I would have been looking for another flat. That can be chronically depressing. It's nearly impossible to find a place where you can be really happy and I was happy with the three of them. It was a perfect arrangement and I had my own room when I wanted to be on my own.

Quest: But there was still a tentative approach from them?

Student: The fooling about? Not really. When I first put my underwear out on the line there were *oohs* and *aahs* and mock groans.

Quest: What had aroused this comment?

Student: They thought my panties were more suited to a stripper than an assistant in a PR company. They made comments about me seducing the customers and said they never knew that was how the company got them. Then they went out into the garden and came back wearing my panties like Indian headdresses on their heads, war whooping behind their hands. There were my little lace panties, pink and blue, and my black G string thing that one of my boyfriends sent away for in a catalogue and which it took him a week to get me to wear – I admit they were indecent. They didn't even cover my pubes. Anyway there were these three clowns with them stretched over their greasy hair. I shrieked and ran at them. I wasn't angry. I thought it was funny. I tried to get them away from them but I had to jump to reach and they ran round me in circles chanting so I stood there with my hands on my hips pretending to fume and glare. Roger got the idea I was their prisoner and should be tied to a stake and Jimmy said: 'Tied to the bed more like,' and they made a rush at me. Jimmy had hold of my arms and the other two had my legs and they carried me into my bedroom. I was as much to blame. I was playing the part myself, shrieking and laughing.

Quest: You didn't think anything serious would come of it, then?

Student: You must remember this was all in a spirit of foolery – they didn't have anything else in mind. The trouble was I'd become so used to being about my last flat on a Saturday morning in just my dressing gown and nothing else I'd done it here and it wasn't until I'd been bumped on to the bed I realised my state of undress.

Quest: Which was nothing – under the dressing gown?

Student: It was an oldish dressing gown as well and the buttons were none too secure.

Quest: What did happen?

Student: I was bumped in a blanket. They grabbed the edges of the top blanket when I hit the bed and pulled it up in the air and started bumping me up and down, laughing. Charlie said this was the test to see if I would fit into the flat. They act like a lot of children sometimes with their practical jokes and hoot with laughter afterwards, but thank heavens they leave me out. They make me laugh sometimes with the antics they get up to. Anyway I was bumped six times and they said they assumed I was shrieking with joy. I wasn't actually shrieking with fear but I wanted them to desist before my dressing gown flew open.

Quest: Did it?

Student: I had to keep my arms outstretched to keep my balance and I could feel the buttons parting from the buttonholes one by one. Then the last one went and it flew open. They shouted and roared and thankfully stopped. My dressing gown was caught under me and I had to lift my bottom to pull it back and hold it round me. Then they made me laugh. They did the monkey thing, hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil and then when I laughed they all doffed my panties from their heads to me and went out and put them back on the line. They acted as though nothing had happened. But later Charlie drew me aside as I was going out to a party and whispered in my ear: 'I always thought you had a great body under that gear you wear, now I'm privileged to know you really have.' And Jimmy – though he couldn't have heard because he was watching the television – shouted out: 'And while you're at it Charles, thank her from me for those baby black curls,' and he turned and grinned at me. I felt very warm and happy then, and flattered. It really is rather flattering living with three men. When I got back that night I found they'd put a bunch of red roses with a little note on my bedside table. That they'd bothered to think of that made me all weepy and although it was late I went and gave each one of them a peck on the cheek. Roger made me kiss him properly and I think I might have gone to bed with him that night if he'd tried to make me. But he just patted me on the bottom and said: 'You shouldn't come into strange men's bedrooms at night, you never know what's happening under the covers. Now off you pop.' I'm afraid I sewed on more buttons than I needed to that week.

Quest: And do you still live on the same basis?

Student: I needn't worry about wandering around in just my dressing gown any more. I suspect I couldn't walk around naked or in anything too inflaming – that would be asking too much. But the boys wander around in just their trousers and on rare occasions when I see them in their underpants they cower in mock fear.

Quest: Do you ever just wear your bra and panties?

Student: No matter how platonically one lives with the other sex there always comes a time when sex does come into the relationship. One evening I did take off my evening dress and wander from the bedroom to the bathroom in my bra and pants and even into the sitting room. I'd come back from a party and I'd just been thrown over by a boyfriend for another girl there and I desperately wanted to prove the boys would fancy me. I wanted to be laid by any one of them, just laid purely on a sexual basis. I needed one of them to grab me and carry me to bed. Just that. I was a little too obvious I think. I was wearing the G string and a tiny black bra. Charles stood up and caught me by the arm and said: 'It won't do you any good at all, love, we all find you very shagable but none of us are going to, we decided that long ago when you first arrived. It wouldn't be worth it, now don't do it again.' I saw he was totally right and I was acting in a stupid way.

Quest: But you still live about the flat in just your dressing gown?

Student: It seems entirely natural to do that now, though I do tend to forget when they have their friends round and realise I'm showing too much.

Quest: Has that ever led to anything more?

Student: That was how I met Alan. He came round to see Jimmy and Charlie but all three of them were out. He looked surprised when I opened the door. He hadn't heard a word about me which was very sweet of the others not to go around shouting about their tame domestic wonder.

Quest: Tell us what happened.

Student: I let him in. I knew the boys would be back within an hour or so. He followed me into the living room and sat down. He didn't talk very much at first. It just seemed he was watching me. I was doing some ironing and I had the board in the living room while I was watching *Softly, Softly* on television. I'd put it on so I didn't have to think too much. I was going out to a party at the university and was only too well aware I'd just broken up with a boy who would be there. I was in two minds whether to go and face it out. If I'd thought about it too much I'd have been tied up in knots. The fact is my heart had done a little skip when I saw Alan at the door. He was a fanciable man – he still is – but I thought, oh a friend of the boys, taboo, no falling for. Now comes the result of dizzy thinking. I realised he was being unnaturally silent – the television wasn't on loud enough to drown conversation. I looked up from my ironing to find his gaze fixed on my breasts. I looked down quickly and suddenly realised there was something to stare at, almost to the nipple. It hadn't entered my head that any other man might find my garb at all erotic, but here was one finding it so. I was too used to being a neuter animal and suppressing my sex in the flat and here was a man ogling my half escaping breast. The thought that half my breast would turn a man on after months of living like a nun as far as the flat was concerned was a very encouraging thought, especially in my state of mind at that time. I smiled at him and pulled the gown back and suddenly felt girlish. The top two buttons were missing anyway and a minute later he was still watching me. My breast was showing again. I was going to straighten my dressing gown again when he got up and said: 'No, don't mind me. I prefer the view when it's open.' Then he came round to the board and said: 'Do you know what would be even better?' I couldn't think. 'If you unbuttoned it completely.' Then he smiled and said: 'My name's Alan, what's yours?' I told him. He asked me if I was going out anywhere special and we got to chatting about boyfriends and girlfriends. He was very understanding as well as attractive and he had a marvellous caressing type voice. I was thinking, what was the harm of letting him see a little more, to see how far I could go, see what effect I would have. He asked where the coffee was and would I like a cup. He wanted a cup too. I didn't mind, I thought it was sweet in a way. While he was out I'm afraid I very wickedly slipped the next button in the dressing gown. It only left two fastened – the bottom buttons had gone too. I pretended not to see him when he came in from the kitchen. I could sense he stopped and stared and thought for a moment. I was bending over ironing and I knew all of one breast was visible from the doorway and thinking about it had aroused the nipple too. Of course I kept my head down – I was blushing and I didn't want to give the game away. But he didn't react in any other way. He put my coffee down without a word and went over to his chair. When I looked out of the corner of my eye he was watching the television in a very studied way. I thought, what's wrong with me now? I ironed a bit more but whenever I looked at him he was watching the box. I thought, watch the box would he, and then I thought, I'll switch it off and we'll see what's most interesting in this flat. Under cover of the ironing board I undid another button at the bottom so there was only one left, then I went over to the television and squatted down on my haunches to switch it off. I was feeling crazy – the dressing gown fell apart over my thighs and even revealed the top of my curls as Jimmy called them. When I stood up I stared at him without realising one of

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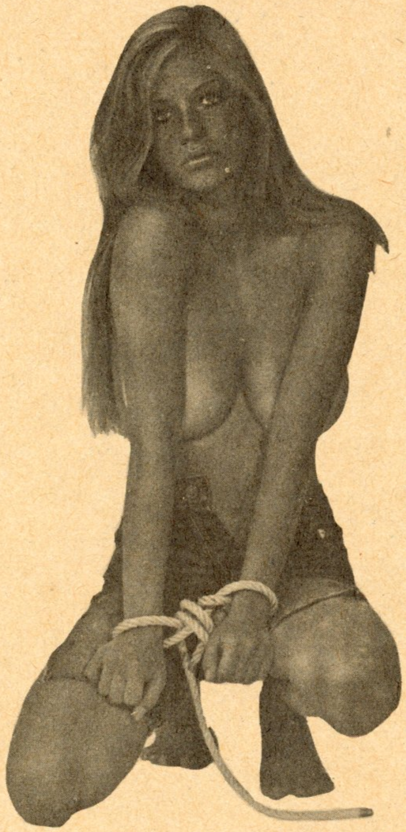

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my breasts was sticking over the edge of the gown. He stood up and came straight towards me. I stood there thinking, I feel helpless, I can't move. Alan stopped and that was when I realised I was showing more than I wished to with him so close. He put his hand square over my breast and with the other pulled the gown over it. He said: 'Do you want me to rape you?' I said in a silly voice I couldn't help: 'Why?' He said: 'You're a beautiful girl and I could start falling in love with you faster than that,' and he clicked his fingers. He seemed to be angry. I just felt stupid. I thought I was going to cry. Then he said: 'But I'm not going to, because I think you're a prick teaser.' Before I thought what I was saying, I said: 'I'm jolly well not.' He looked at me for a moment. 'Right,' he said, 'prove it, let me take you to the party.' He said later he hadn't really meant it, but he didn't know what I was trying to prove.

Quest: Did you make love that night?

Student: By the time we were ready to go to the party we were back on a decent footing. He was very tender and gentle with me especially on the way there in his car. I rather flaunted him in front of the boy who had dropped me and I was feeling so bitchy I actually fondled Alan on his trousers in front of him while we were drinking. I wasn't as merry as I made out. That started Alan off again. He said: 'Don't be a prick teaser, please don't turn out to be that.' I laughed and said: 'Take me to the bedroom if you think that and find out.' It was quite loud for this other boy's benefit too. Alan pushed me into the bedroom and I started feeling like a seventeen-year-old virgin. I told Alan he looked like an angry animal. He said he was. It was great. He had my dress up to my waist and just took me over the edge of the bed with all the party peoples' coats strewn on it. He wasn't vicious, just very urgent and I had him out of his trousers before he got my panties off – you guessed, the black G string thing. Then he said: 'God damn it you're even sexier in your knickers than you are out of them.' That made me giggle and I opened my thighs very wide to show him. Do you know, he took my panties off, then my tights and put my panties back on me. His hands kept tickling me on the inside of my thighs and I couldn't stop giggling. I had to let go of him when he did that. The next thing I knew I was clawing at the bed and telling him to do it more. Because my panties were so low he pulled them down and entered me over the top of them and that forced his penis up so it was squeezing in and out of me from almost above and I came very quickly and sharply. My clitoris is absolutely sensitive. He didn't come though, he just made me. He said he was saving it for later when he took me home – and he did. Even though I was groping through an alcoholic haze at the time, I remember every minute.

Quest: What did your flatmates think of the idea of Alan taking you to bed?

Student: I was surprised they took it so well. Perhaps it was because Alan was such a good friend.

Quest: Thank you.

CARRIE

Carrie's judo lessons get out of hand, but the instructor doesn't